

# Big Sur Marvels & Wondrous Delights

A close-up, profile view of a woman's face, looking towards the left. She has dark hair and is smiling slightly. The background is a dark, starry night sky with a prominent green nebula on the left side. The text is overlaid on the image in a serif font.

A Novel by  
**David Detrich**

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## Meditations at Big Sur

I'm playing my twelve string guitar as the river streams by in the moonlight, while I sit on a rock formation next to the perpetual motion of the flowing water, I look up towards the wooden bridge that is still lit with Christmas lights, and think of a woman I just met. The sound of the strings resonates with the truth of the moment, and above the redwoods the starlight is glimmering through the forest like luminescent gems, reminding me of the medieval legend of a musician who played a stringed instrument. Up above the winter constellations glimmer above the mountains of Big Sur, while I play through my acoustic repertoire realizing that this is one of those incredible moments of my life, here in this enchanted forest of the ancients. The digital transparencies of the reflected light from the river's surface form a sequence of visual trails running through the riverbed, while I relax in a meditative position up on a rock above the edge of the canvas. The colors of the emotional tones of light transcend into a heightened consciousness on the flowing surface of the painting, where the language of my inner self is revealed in the superimposition of images before the reader. I write this afternoon's journal entry at Nepenthe, a restaurant overlooking the Pacific Ocean, the redwood forest flowing down the coast, the ocean reflective quicksilver.

January 6th, 2000. Big Sur, California.

Ocean waves of creamy white surf rolling in towards the shore with subtle shades of blue violet sand of the hourglass drifting across the curve of the beach, thundering hooves in the rising mist, moving across the surface of the water, rhythmic, knee deep, unbridled and free. Brush strokes of deep soothing colors emanating from the sea, lifting off the canvas into the radiant evening light, as mountains rise from the coast, towering silently against the blueness of sky. Gazing into the eternity of your crystalline eyes, birds take flight, and swerve gracefully across the beach, dreaming the sleep of innocence, as ages pass in gradual dreamlike motion. We kiss deeply, and ride in across the waves, lines sketched in here, in the angular gallery lighting, golden rays from heaven, we stand before the canvas Meditations at Big Sur, colors flowing across the surface into the violet forest.

As we embrace the taste of lipgloss on your lips, rising ecstasy. You close your eyes slowly, as the scent of herbs and wildflowers is carried in on the breeze. As we kiss we drift in on the waves, drawn across this bed of moss, you toss your head back with a wet smile while we move through the clouds, comfortable and warm, cuddling up towards sleep. Thoughts, whispers, words of wishes, the sky brightens, off we go in flight, spirits free, to this our secret place of destination, the garden. You are the beautiful nymph from the sea, mermaid fair, and I the sea captain, as the ship rides the waves, white frothing surf on the coast of Big Sur.

The forest with its broad stand of timber, outlined against the fragile pink glow of the setting sun, lingers on the edge of my thoughts like a mirage. Those were the days of lovemaking in the cabin, the sway of your long hair in the candlelight, as the rhythmic waves brought us over the top of the clouds. Riding horses in on the breeze across the sandy shore, breathing deeply this air of bliss, and one day would follow the next, like white sailed schooners passing. You were the brilliant radiance of the aurora borealis on a summer evening, the cosmic colorations of your own cerebral thought, the strokes of acrylic across the canvas.

The tent is positioned near the river, blue nylon shivering taut in the breeze, beneath this ceiling of trees, tall vertical wood. Ocean surf relaxing the mind, hypnotic rhythm, as we look out across the water, settled in for the night, with the peaceful look of travelers having arrived at our destination, glimpsing through the windows of light to the auric green surf. As the spirit attunes itself to the energy of place, the sunlight's reflection, like a mirage of subtle possibilities.

With an introspective motion I light the branches under the campfire, flames rising in gold through the darkness, vague premonitions, quiet laughter. I sit before the fire on a log, watching the play of flames weaving above this two dimensional surface. Colors of light transforming into a chain of signifiers etched into the still glass surface of this stream of thought. Crackling moist sap with the smell of mint and herbs rising into

*absence*  
*echo*  
*deep blue sky*  
*diminishing*  
*into*  
*stars*

The galaxy above reminding me of our cosmic perspective, as I recall a vision of Christ appearing during meditation, a silent figure in spiritual devotion, standing on a mountain above a deeply colorful plateau. This watery wave crashing on the shore of the rugged coastline, and up above the giant cross of the constellation hovering in the sky. A meteorite appears at this moment with its its brisk flaming arc, divinity with its bright glowing brilliance is a plane extending into the space of the heart, a red outline. I give thanks to the universe, this streak of starry sky across the clear darkness of acrylic.

I am laid back on the towel, the sunlight warm and brilliant, with thoughts of how to spend the evening fading into the light of my conscious perception. My friend Sunshine is soaking in the sunlight topless, her milky white skin in the warmth, her hair flowing in the breeze, whispering into your ear these words, this meaning, this love that resonates through the gallery starscape.

“What do you think?” I ask.

“Let’s make love,” you say.

*meditation on the stars*  
*cloudy cluster of sparkling milky light*  
*celestial sperm scattered across the sky*  
*the love that is in the heart of man*  
*seed of other worlds constellations galaxies*  
*flowing through the river of time*

*bird in flight soaring motionless*  
*rift running black through India ink*  
*heart of God shining bright within the logos*  
*words from the heart starlight loving flow of light*  
*distant stars shimmering above the outline of the trees*  
*sketched in here suggesting a vast space above*  
*the flower of thought*  
*blithe spirit fair*

Up above a swan in flight with its mate appearing over the treetops, flying in perfect unison, quickly vanishing from sight, leaving the impression of a spray of glimmering metallic paint across the blackness of time’s forgetfulness. Chalky strokes of color fading into sand, cloudy areas of the Milky Way stretched across the sky, and flowing like a waterfall over the hillside.

“These paintings remind me of my own vision of a harmonious and peaceful environment,” Sunshine says in a thoughtful voice. We ponder the canvas in this new light of spoken thoughts, the forms taking on a resemblance to our perceptions. There seems to be a significance to the blue of sky, and the golden light on the horizon, forming a gradual sunset transforming into an interior scene. Still the green areas of forest, emerald light radiating through, giving the impression of motion, or inner light.

“It reminds me of the Tao,” you say in conclusion.

*this infinity of which you partake  
majestic nebulosity deep space  
this lifetime spanning the heavens  
broken heart shaped emotions mirroring thought  
your own precious being in this love life  
angels drinking from the grail of experience  
phenomenal perceptions above the silvery foam  
the constellation pouring its dipper into the sea  
and here the fire burns sweetly with the aroma of wood  
in this silence your voice on the threshold  
speaking softly words that melt into sleep  
dreams that fade into deep  
waters that linger  
listening  
hold on*

There is this creamy whiteness on the horizon as you pull the covers across the bedstead, like a cloud of fog rolling in from the ocean, cloaked in mystery, whiteness and mist. After a day of browsing through the gallery and hiking I find that I am tuning into the dualities of being with you, the finer frequencies of love.

The house is a castle on a hilltop in this dream of the Renaissance, with tapestries of a colorful design. I feel that deep relaxation of a summer day, when the mind clears, and the spirit becomes as peaceful as the mirrored surface of a lake. This dreamlike existence returns now with the ocean, and the coastline of Big Sur, my mind drifting between place and time, as we venture across the years to the castle of our destiny, this starscape of erotic art.

Lord and lady near the castle walls in this tapestry of the countryside, above the fray of the multitudes, this drama is about to unfold with the clop of the horse's hooves, and the quiver of an arrowhead. As the archer draws back the arrow of desire, the winds sweep across the land. O the sorrows of love, and the tender injury of a broken heart. The healer with his herb for this, and his herb for that.

The castle at eventide, a woman in love. At first she begins by loosening the bodice of her dress, and her lover is fondling her breasts in the candlelight, two hearts interwoven in the mysteries of love. A cup of herb tea, vapor rising, on the windowsill, textures of silk and illumination brightening in the morning light. A series of panels with white doves, ivy and lace, woven with geometrical designs, noble as the heart is young.

Lady and lord on horseback, your flowing hair in the wind, the beauty of it all. The horses arrayed in splendid colors, this ivory and jeweled lady, we ride across the hills, across the stars of the sky. The knight, this night, this lady bright, the waves upon the sea. Firelight, candlelight, the leaves upon the tree. As we sip from the chalice this wine of thought, this loving light. Feast well, have love, for tomorrow we ride.

*flower  
of youth  
blossoms extending  
across time the gate opens  
onto the garden youthful energies flow  
through the body the spirit of laughter  
as the mind awakens  
to the subtle humor of the conjecturings*



*I feel as if I have entered a dream world  
beyond space and time  
where reality has surpassed  
my own expectations*

In the gallery there are large canvasses upon the walls, seemingly intense and colorful, as the mind awakens to the subtle vibrations of color. A bright painting seems to catch my eye, and I can feel the intensity of emotions inspired by the coastline of Big Sur. It seems one is drawn back into the past with echoings from other cultures, geometrical forms resembling cities, or windows. A chest of drawers with the human form composing itself from curved lines, mystical colors, quiet whisperings.

The artist Sofanya is a work of art, it seems from the way she dresses, and presents herself to the observer. Even the way she speaks is somewhat musical, and I can feel the refined feminine electricity flowing through the studio. Here in the gallery things have taken on the magical appearance of inner light, and I feel inspired to go beyond this time and place. I listen to the silence of the woods, and I can hear the faint sounds of instruments as I imagine the scene in this painting.

*vast sky words colors come  
to the forefront of consciousness  
in musical form rhythmic animated  
in motion in thought in time  
constructed planes and flutterings  
in flight above this area  
connected in forms  
rushing towards the edge  
then plummeting  
into the abyss  
emergence  
space time  
spectral shadings  
this converging  
tangential peaks  
veering towards this edge  
process amethyst  
opening gambits linear lines  
phrasing lyrical sonorities tertiary  
signs of all things configurations  
today messages from distant friends  
thoughts of you signature of the stars  
mastering this terrain birds in flight  
harmonics tonality lyrical flow of water  
whispering your name  
love fills the aura with light  
the forest the hillside these small flowers  
the oneness of all things macrocosm spirit connections  
patterns of thought logical thinking mind and body  
crystal color form totality meaning emotion and mountains  
sensual curves rounded white soft skin smooth to the touch  
making love elevation of spirit heaven*

*simultaneous orgasm*

This evening I feel relaxed with a sense of the sublime as the waves roll in, and the stars glimmer. Big Sur, this mountainous land of dreams, at the edge of the known world, a feeling of awe transcending time, coming back to the center of oneself. I think of you this evening here, and my heart is a glistening image riding in on the breeze, as the sound of your voice echoes imperceptibly across the campground.

"The truth will set you free," I say as I toss a branch onto the fire. The rising flames give a relaxing warmth, with a rich and complex aroma of wood. As I say these words I realize how much we have evolved over the years, two luminous beings of light on a darkly shaded background, hovering before a brightly glowing campfire.

*O yeah*

*merging with the infinite*

*returning into the now drifting down the river*

*open mind and ceiling of motion forgetfulness of what*

*old faded planks deer crossing inquisitive glance*

*on the beach the ocean surf loneliness memories*

*vast distance perception breeze a ship on the waves*

*a child in a sweatshirt campfire domestic pursuits*

*table chair desk lunch and dinner dessert*

*more lovemaking achieving perfection repetition*

*identity ice cream*

*O yeah*

The sound of the flute echoes within the space of the structure, and out across the tall grass to the long sloping hills that run down to the ocean. The notes are fluid and quick with a melodic sonority as skylines of distant cities appear, and visions of ancient civilizations arise in the afternoon light, blending with the sounds of birds calling in the forest outside. The flute is superb and effortless, and now Sunshine and I are sipping on some chardonnay on the deck overlooking the hills. Soon the tall columns of a temple can be seen on a summit overlooking the sunny blue waters of the sea, as you appear in a white robe at the temple of Pallas Athena. I sip on the wine and ponder life on the island, as your figure transforms into the statue of a Greek goddess. I am feeling laid back with the sound of the flute running

*through my mind.*

*pink circle revolving*

*in depth in longitude and latitude*

*the sky is a tree*

*the leaves are blowing in the wind*

*shaded beauty is a thought*

*the triangle is artificial*

*one side opens onto infinity*

*the other side is you*

*you with the hair and glassy eyes*

*rising enlightened awakening*

*letting go of the tricycle*

*saying farewell*

*ink flowing into  
the garden*

Meditating by the ocean I feel the relaxing waves of energy easing the mind, as thoughts pass through the space of my consciousness, a bird flies past and lands on a tree at this moment, and then disappears into the green forest. My spirit contains the universe, and all things are knowable as the line of spirit connects my thoughts to the network of living beings, friends and the evolution of humanity. This strand of thought is like a stringed instrument which resonates in the evening calm, as my emotions become tempered by nature, the flowing lines of objects, geometrical forms, and the construction of paradise within my mind. There always comes the next challenge to upset the delicate balance of conscious equilibrium, as the Buddha raises the lotus flower. You might accept this life for what it is, and yet see beyond the drama of this earth to a better world. The future unfolds before your eyes towards the eventual liberation of mankind.

*mountains hills peaks plateaus  
pleasures affirming feeling free  
reds violets creamy tan lines  
flowing sinking deep the waves the water  
sunlight multiplicity beyond mind  
thoughts being this inflowing  
flowerbeds energies sucking in  
this letting out  
this radiant musical performance*

We are sipping some wine at Nepenthe with the ocean in view, and there's a silence where we appreciate the beauty of the scene.

"I think I'm beginning to like this place," Sunshine says with a deep sigh, as she take a seat on the cushions, and a glass of chardonnay in her hand.

"It's beautiful," I say as a butterfly passes by on the wind, and there is a moment of perfection where we all share this calm envisioning mood.

### Her Sky is Seven Shades of Blue

Her sky is seven shades of blue, with wet colors glistening in the circular sun, as I stand motionless before the window opening onto the illumined surface extending across the valley. Her smile is the blissful scent of sandalwood, as I ponder the geometrical structure of the apartment building outlined against the sky. Her petals are strewn on the reflection of the lake, and the sky's glass surface of the angelic aura, as I call from the west. Her lips circle the heavens as I drift towards the good hearted city of the future, with tall vertical buildings of metal and glass.

Her hair is the dark veil of the night drawn across the hillside, flowing in the wind, and composed of the finest of textures. The look on her brow asks this question, which lingers on the rays of starlight, caressing the darkened hills.

Her mind is seven subtle shades of intelligent blue that kiss and moan, as the earth rotates westward, and the stars fall upward. Her words are from the language of undiscovered galaxies partaking of signs and rising



whirlwinds, as I watch the celestial spheres rotate. Her lips are clouded with moisture putting my mind to sleep, where dreams gather like angels.

Her hair is pulled back with love in her eyes as I heave a deep sigh, and a jet, or a spaceship is beginning to accelerate. There is a burst of flames, and then it takes off into space. I think we are aboard, and your smiling face is before me, as the sun is setting on the islands with a brilliant northerly light that appears this time of the year.

You look more beautiful today than you did yesterday, and I can see your face with greater clarity. We talk a bit, and you say you are not fond of cutting green peppers. But then there is this new geometrical figure that we seem to be working through. It's called a hexagon, and it has six sides to it, two triangles in a way, plus numerous other configurations. It's a social phenomenon. Love can be beautiful! Here's to the brave lovers who are open to possibilities.

*this dream  
lamplight in the night  
life at the Inn  
this peaceful moment  
heart and soul blending  
flames in the fireplace drifting towards  
golden rising flames such that  
the warmth emanates across  
caressing the skin voices in harmonic duality  
yin and yang touching heaven  
soon to awaken into the light  
of the morning simultaneous discourse  
stereoscopic visualization nonsense equals nonsense  
letting go of thought  
O yeah*

*the dream went like this  
calm of the water blues and greens  
merge smooth and supple dialogic numerics 20  
number of thoughts perceives*

*this I which loves  
this I which is loved  
this God which is loving  
this I which loves  
this you which becomes*

*I love you  
this we which travels  
this exchange of spiritual vibrations  
blending colors optics precedes thought  
there's nothing to fear seeking imperfections*

*the joy is in not seeking  
not seeking having found*

*not speaking having spoken  
not doing having done  
not writing having written*

*the sage is one who  
the sky is such that  
to let go of human suffering  
to feel ecstasy  
the earth is such that  
awake arise behold come into become  
light streaming through the window*

*love of life  
breath of life*

Moonlight shimmering on the water like liquid fire, a dreamworld of melting chroma fading into another image. A full moon so big it fills the milky sky hovering above the violet trees, green leaves melting into seven shades of blue. Her clothes on the shore as she walks naked through the water, her skin lovely in the soft moonlight. I greet her as she stands naked in the water giggling. I toss my clothes to the cool earth and join her, splashing through the shallow water. We swim for awhile, graceful in the moonlight. As I look out across the bluish metallic surface of the water I think you are a fox, as a brilliant light dances off the waves under a full moon rising.

Wearing our garments we move within the crowd, as a large cross is raised above the people marching in the Crusades. We are riding horses, and advancing towards the city. You take a seat in a modern chair, as I notice the glass and futuristic materials.

You raise your face up to me in a beautiful motion, you are lovely to behold as a Hawaiian woman. We walk through the dense rainforest, and break into a run, playfully galloping and skipping along down the trail to the valley below, the waterfall streaming in the darkness as we make love.

Opening the hatch from some vehicle, like a tank, or spaceship, I look out on the woods from the clearing. You follow close behind as we see an exciting new landscape for our adventurous minds.

The year is 4010 as subtle images pass before my mind, and I decide to relax completely. We are speeding along the superhighway, and as the traffic moves quickly I am reminded of California. We travel rapidly, with the landscape whizzing by, to a destination in the midwest.

*days months and years such is a life  
complexity lines passage progression periodical  
flower focus clarity speedometer  
charts on material vibratory frequency  
Dada perspective character definition  
trompe l'oeil centered on the temperature  
tension tingling optics visitation apparition  
Gevry Chambertin shading tone  
curves of Saturn's rings  
O yeah*

*golden light fox and sky  
subtle images so fragile dramatic premonitions  
intersecting at the store picnic table  
the river flows like glass through the heart  
carrying with it this love affair  
the history of our spoken words  
written into this book of sand  
hourglass of ecstasy*

Driving up the bay in the sunset, the water is hazy with fog, the outlines are softening as I drive into this nebulosity. I am hoping that you will be there, and that this force which is drawing me into the night will bring us together. It is good to be alive, now that summer is here.

My mind is drifting tonight, filled with visions of us by the waterfall, a mellow blissful thought. All of a sudden a propeller begins to spin. It is an old airplane, and we are wearing that old fashioned flying gear that was once popular before the war. We taxi down the runway, and soon we take off. It is beautiful to fly together as the sky begins to fade.

Glittering brilliant jewels bedeck the crown, entwined with gold and precious metals, sparkling in the light as it comes into focus. This is a coronation. You are the Queen, and I am the King. A falconer appears with our symbol: the Falcon. The bird is majestic, and highly trained, and at a signal the falcon takes flight out above the castle walls.

### Hollywood Journal

Your good looks turn me on as I walk past the gleaming metal sign of Arista records, your elegant figure, and the hope of a better future. As I write this journal entry I find that we are on the eve of the new Millennium, and I wonder if they might be interested in Ascending Synth with its uplifting clarity. You turn me on as I type my manuscript, waking up early in the morning, and try a new restaurant on Sunset, to find that it is conducive to my reading, and peace of mind. As you dance across the new day I think this should be a pleasant century of metaphysical enlightenment and peaceful living. I browse through one of the new expanded music stores where I have a chance to play Constellations, one of my own guitar pieces, on a twelve string guitar at what seems like a musical sanctuary here in the city. I think you're sexy as I drink an Odwalla blackberry fruit shake at the Starbucks coffee house, a home away from home for the traveller. The sunlight beams through the clouds above as I meditate, relaxing the muscles of my shoulders, as I breathe deeply the chakras connect to the real energy.

You're looking good as you find that I am light hearted, your impression is lasting as I plan my visit to Big Sur. Early in the morning the future is here, as I wait for the sun to rise over the boulevard, while the late night party crowd is getting breakfast at Mel's. You're looking sexy as you express interest in the possibility of this coming week, this coming decade.

You turn me on as I drive past Capitol Records, an architectural design that is circular, like a turntable of records stacked near the hills. I await the opening of Kinko's where I will type out the manuscript of this novel, which is written in a style that I think might show a resemblance to the trend of California fiction that exemplifies a more poetic perspective. Where have the record companies gone? I drive through the tall canyons of buildings, through the glass and metal structures in search of the grail. My demo tapes are the prospect of a brighter future, and I think of myself as a solo artist, free to express my musical direction as I might wish.

You thrill me with your smile as I think of ways I can please your every desire, and at the computer I discover new ways of designing the page. I drive up Laurel Canyon to check out the Hollywood Hills, and consider renting a house that overlooks Los Angeles. The road winds above the city, and on the other side is the San Fernando valley, and far below is Universal City. I drive around the hilltop, and descend into the Beverly Hills where I see Hillcrest, reminding me of the street where we grew up. I'm at the Starbucks coffee house, and it's years since I've been in Los Angeles, where everything has improved for the new Millennium. There's a lot of interesting people here, and I spend the day shopping on the avenue.

*flowing through the night  
the taste of wine on your lips  
drifting into a dreamworld  
riding the heights of evanescent hills  
foreign bodies reflections  
shadows in the moonlight  
carrying you across the river giggling  
over the next several miles we meet our friends  
success once again pyramid at dusk  
a geometric structure  
of energy background brightening  
awakening glimmering*

*nonsense signification  
thoughts of words this meaning  
encore more wine thanks  
titillating treasures clusters sounds chrome  
still this thread line tangent improvisation  
interiors double bed with comforter  
blue curtains also  
linear planes intersecting wood table  
guitar resonance ambiance  
beyond thought angular sunlight  
southern sky plants light of the mind*

*sensuous curves nightlight sleep  
pointed nipples kiss  
O yeah we melt into each other  
together becoming being  
this moment timeless  
orgasm  
mindless bliss  
approaching selves  
multiplication mirrors  
beauty angelic being a soft breeze lingers*

*love of life*

*O God I'm coming  
yeah on and on and on*

*acceleration approach  
breathing so deeply music melodious  
soothing perfect emotion motion  
relaxing resolving absolving  
a leaf on the river*

*becoming bliss  
loving love*

*abstraction concretion  
ivory with a faint blush  
candlelight fiction verisimilitude laughter  
convergence of colors forms juxtaposition of tree and book  
conversation mountains wildflowers  
theoretical cacophony tintinabulations  
perfection beauty intersection of emotions  
difference correlation elation*

*the O of pleasure*

Apartment shopping today in Malibu and Sunset Plaza. I feel optimistic, yet haven't found the perfect place as of yet. I'll have to drive up to Santa Cruz to do some banking.

A sip from the holy grail at the River Inn in Big Sur boggles the mind, with the spiritual flavors of chocolate and petit syrah, after a meditative nap under the redwoods. Thinking about the past Millennium, and studying the family photographs at my brother's place, realizing that I've always given supportive hugs to others. Tonight I will be considering the future, the sense of humor that matches the tone of voice, the style of your inherent ability to perform.

A warm California greeting in Santa Cruz, where it's been years since we last spoke, and things have changed for the better. This will be a good year for socializing, for music and the writing of books. I'm shopping for books, and pick up *The Deep North* by Fanny Howe. I've just read her book of poetry called *Lives of a Spirit*, and consider it to be a stylistic masterpiece, and I remember the poetry reading she gave at Sun & Moon Press in 1993, when I was working there as a typesetter and proof reader. It was a pleasant, small gathering with Douglas Messerli, the publisher of Sun & Moon books, as host. The event is what you would expect from an accomplished poet, she read from *Saving History* with a clear, poetic voice, and the reading was an artistic success. I am writing this in my notebook at a coffee house, and I'll be heading back to Big Sur.

*flowers of thought hearts in a tangle  
premonitions of fluid motion conversation  
streams of color glass sky waves rolling in  
studying expressions nuances gliding above  
appreciation as dreams hover near  
mirrored in multiple orgasms  
the bird takes flight entering deep into  
whispered words and wishes succulent plant  
dialogue of delight esthetic perception  
spectral hues of fire riding the crest of the wave  
with the warmth of smiling halo opening onto*

*lightness angel hair texture delta thrust rising  
drinking in this bliss surface of the ocean  
stillness serenity the strokes of the oars  
cuddling up smiles as energy streams through  
heaven to your touch*

At the River Inn I order one of the best hamburgers I've ever had, and I'm up early the next morning, and take a long hot shower. Returning to Nepenthe where I began this novel exactly one year ago, I look out on the Pacific which is covered with a light mist, which the sunlight illumines in a magical way, as the waves ripple below in miniature. As I drink a glass of the Ravenswood Zinfandel I am glad to be back after a year in Michigan, and two months of novel writing next to a kerosene heater. I am thinking of calling for a reservation at Esalen, for a brochure on their lecture series. At the Coast Gallery I check out the paintings of Henry Miller, and watch the video *Henry Miller Reads and Muses*. This features Henry Miller sitting at a rolltop desk before an imaginary audience of empty chairs as he reads from his books. He gives an autobiographical sketch of his life from the beginning of his career as a writer, when he decided to do nothing but write. He speaks of the first ten years of his career living in poverty, his visit to France, his friendship with Lawrence Durrell, and his return to America where he wrote *The Air Conditioned Nightmare*. He decided to visit Big Sur where he stays on for 17 years, and finally tells of his retirement to Pacific Palisades, where he continued to work, even in his 70s.

Up in the clouds here at Nepenthe, the sky is gray and cloudy with a mist rising up the hills, as I realize that this is the place to live, and I can commute to Los Angeles on the weekends. The candle light flickers in my Bronco as I consider the concept of creativity. I've been listening to a tape by Clarissa Pinkola Estés called *The Creative Fire*, part of a series on mythology. After camping by the river I watch the sun rise above the mountains, and then take a hot shower. Here in the redwood forest reality seems more authentic.

Two cloudy days here in Hollywood, as the city reveals different moods and populations. I've checked out the Gallery Walk, and I will return for the Stanton MacDonald Wright paintings, an artist whose work I have always admired.

### Clouds of Butterflies

Dearest love clouds of butterfly palette with trees of light, and many colors filming the sky abreast. Waters flowing from the sea in waves of deep blue, thus the flowering of love lingering with hearts sacred somnolence sublime. Your hair a wave of silken stallions climbing upwards, milk white textures stroked across waves of silent gallery space, this infinitely cedar sand in ivory. Circumference of the circle/

Juniper berry and purple snap dragon, near the tumultuous nebulosity of Bridal Veil Falls. Concentric circles.

Radiant sun emerging through the gray of blue mists, India ink calligraphic waves of curved deep waters, the frigate flying colors & all. The galaxy spiralling strata of fauna and fern, this glaciation of time's passing a human skull held up in the soft diffuse light. Indentations in the form of a symbol on the cerebral sphere, as somewhere in ages past the formation of a teardrop lingers opening deep wellsprings onto the infinite.

Your hair on the horizon shadowing the oncoming knight. A portfolio of dreams in photogenic jeans prancing the dance of the sidewalks, this violet blue aura flows through the heart of the composition. St. Stephen arriving on the shores in realtime as we await. The table sketched in here. A beautiful young woman.



We are within the warmth of this blanket far beyond the sphere. These silent hills spilling the Milky Way into the darkness, ivory curving into starlight. Angelic voices speaking through the divine presence, the Annunciation a line of golden thread leading out of the labyrinth. Clear ringed with spheres of light, concentric, renaissance perspective of two lines converging on infinity. Hovering on the horizon, invoicing the articulate night.

Within the sound heartbeat, drifting in the snow white sleep of moonlit milk. The sound of your breath, dreams of distant constellations. I meditate in the evening's gray wash of watery satin, smooth white skin in the falling veils of moist crystalline water droplets.

Through binoculars Jupiter above, and the comet's trail, while a female apparition girl woman shadow figure moves through the clouds, this forest illumined with spirit. Chocolate chalk o'lake meditating on the silent hills, the blue skies encompassing this vast space of the canvas. The trail leads up towards the sky, this healing heart feels a sense of joy and well being.

Spinning galaxy above radiant, looking within, Indian feathers engendering this perfected form. Leather tan in the twilight, by candlelight the stars above. Music opens the spirit onto the infinite, lighting the page of the book. Dance across the water in a fluidity of motion ascending into the luminous light, pyramid and hieroglyph of the queen's. Sky formations of tree verticalities, free violet pistils of mirroring wet chasms. Topographic contours of green hills of vale and hearthside, waves of grass moistened in a kiss across time.

Birdsong echoes in the forestation of the concert hall, inner sanctum, the bard with lyre lilting loving O the waves! Conversant with the Lord, bowed strings and candle flame, the wind at the windows reflected dream sequence. The jaguar calm and purring. The Indians passing the peace pipe in times of unanimous Thanksgiving. At the trading post departure of the US Mail, while life on the island becomes a child's footsteps on the wooden floor.

The evening sky through binoculars. Omega Centauri a distant globular cluster. A mellifluous blonde dancing naked across the dome of the sky mapped with glittering signification. A golden braid entwining souls, her pink tipped breasts perfect in the soft light.

Meditations on the inner light of river flow and waterfall. The future reveals itself in timeless sands of simultaneity. Wildflowers violets and distant cities fading into curves of sand. The evolution of the shoreline rising up in a rainbow palette, heartbeat. Space of the page alive with color, envisioning becoming. Your eyelids in the sunlight, and the creamy milkshake color of your tan lines, as a bikini is tossed to the side. Multifaceted this spectral palette of kiss.

This way to the Museyroom Ladles and Gentlewoman. The skeleton of a ship, and a treasure chest with gold doubloons. Here a reflector mirror from a lighthouse. Turn up the century ship design as you walk through the fine oak of the louvered doors, schooners with sails stretched taut, as satiny strokes of moist acrylic flow across the canvas. Two deer grazing at dusk, freckled and graceful in motion, while I sit on the porch reading a novel. The sky a gradual pink fading to the ideal azure of electric blue, as fiction becomes a conscious moment.

### A Distant Blue Sphere of Dreamlike Motion

I press the numbers for the security code, and the gate swings open, then I drive across the wooden bridge, and up the dirt road, thinking this should be interesting, as the road winds up the mountain side, and soon the valley is far below. Towards the top of the mountain I notice I am now driving through the clouds, and I can see the ocean on the other side, with sunlight above the cloud banks, and the road descends the mountain towards the guest house. I drive past some llamas, and notice there are houses positioned on various ridge tops all across

the valley, which is called Clear Ridge. When I drive up the driveway past a metal sculpture to the house I can see the valley below, and the ocean beyond the hills rising up like a blue mirage.

The guest house is beautiful, with windows looking out on the valley, and the ocean beyond. This should be a perfect place to work on my novel, with the quiet hills, and a jacuzzi that looks out on the sunrise. There's a small wood burning stove, and candlelight at night, plus a lamp for reading. I've been reading the poet and publisher Douglas Messerli, his *Maxims from my Mother's Milk*, *Hymns to Him: A Dialogue*, the American Indian story *Seven Arrows* by Hyemeyohsts Storm, André Breton's *Earthlight*, Robert Radford's *Dali*, C.G. Jung's *Answer to Job* and Sigmund Freud's *Delusion and Dream*. Although I spend most of the time writing, I still like to read, while I watch the flames of the wood fire burning at night, and become aware of the subtle persistence of recent memories.

Before sunrise I fill the jacuzzi with hot water, and light a candle while considering the natural beauty of California living, and look out the window on the ridge descending towards the ocean, waiting for the sun to rise like a golden halo over the hills. The sun rises over the tree lined hilltop near the ocean, and in the winter months I am hoping for clear skies, so I can type out on the porch in the sunlight, and feel the breeze. There has been so much rain in the past few days that there are rock slides out on Highway 1, where I passed a giant boulder on the road near Hurricane Point. The road is closed near Gorda, with some power lines falling across the pavement, and everywhere the water is flowing down the mountainside in rivulets, or waterfalls. The Big Sur River is muddy and turbulent, with the water rising towards the banks, and I am hoping the road up the mountain can withstand the rain. It's like a tropical rain forest here, with clouds hovering above the mountains, reminding me of the music I was working on last year, the sound of rainfall.

*O yeah*

*we awaken together*

*why this h in heaven?*

*in the dream you came to me*

*naked and exquisite as if to say*

*how beautiful it is to love*

*always with a question in your eyes*

*answered by my vision*

*echoed in your thoughts*

*the temple with clouds this bright morning*

*a subtle image above the sound of bells ringing*

*your nude figure in the mirror brushing your hair*

*café au lait*

*this day of days*

*this light of lights*

*rays of light proportion equation*

*release of energy such that*

*as she leans over the sink the line of her breasts*

*this cool morning breezes blowing bliss*

*breasts of ivory curve showers of soap suds*

*lathering love rainforest birdsong melody*

*delta of the riverfront*

*flowing water comes*

*such is life  
such is love*

Today the skies are clear, and I begin writing again out on the porch, the story of the Dragonfly. A young all girl band called Tuuli is playing to an appreciative audience, and I'm impressed with their music, and their youthful good looks. The audience is an interesting blend of young people, and there are balloons on the ceiling giving the place a Millennial atmosphere, with a romantic sense of glamour. The music is very good, and I'm listening to the guitar playing, and watching their sexy gestures, as the nightclub begins to fill with a sophisticated young audience.

There is a giant dragonfly hovering above the stage, with silky wings and antenna, which flies over the audience towards the balloon covered ceiling, and onwards towards space where I watch the astronaut repairing the satellite, the earth a distant blue sphere of dreamlike motion. I am weightless as I drift up towards the bar, thinking I'm not much in the mood for a drink, yet there are some interesting people here tonight. The lights are a nebulous red, violet and cosmic blue, the lasers light up the room and my heart, as I notice a beautiful young woman standing in the audience. The planets are visible above the sky this evening, as I move across the room to the sound of electric guitars and drums, thinking I should make an introduction. The galaxy swirls above the night sky as I smile, realizing that they have circled around the room at the same time, and now we are on opposite sides. The stars glimmer in your eyes, as I put another log on the fire here in the mountains, the music is excellent, and I think you are a star in the making.

The girls are sexy tonight, and are showing some cleavage, with the moonlight shining on the hillside, as I walk back towards the patio of this fashionable nightclub, the full moon far above the mountain side. The astronaut has repaired the solar panel, as the planets circle the darkness of sky, and I am wearing my Jupiter jacket of black velvet tonight, a writer of fiction and a musician myself, contemplating the winter constellations above the guest house. Up above a Christmas tree with a toy train set beneath it, the water reservoir awaits the passing train, and I'm thinking of the story of the young man with the Indians out on the prairie, and the Brotherhood of the Shields. The colors are an electrifying violet, saturated red and gold within the circle, the feathers, braids and buckskin above the ecosphere, becoming digital squares of rainbow hues.

The chrome surface becoming horses riding across the prairie, as we view the galaxy from the Hall of the Universe, the computer reveals the nebulosity in glowing greens, stellar yellows and deep aquamarine, as the Indians eat some pemmican, dried beef from the buffalo herd. With the wisdom of these teachings they still encounter difficulties, and I notice the design of the beadwork looks uniform and distinguished, and the sky above Hollywood is glittering in the heat of the city. From the perspective of an imaginary camera I check out the people here tonight, before this video is edited I sit back in my chair and observe the universe, a projection of actual starlight running through the computer system, and look to the future for this museum piece, and I am wondering if this book will "catch fire" as Henry Miller put it. In the silence of space the music has begun, and ten years pass as I walk back into the nightclub, the next band has begun on this glam rock night. The colors are pastel shades of forest green, night sky black and summer tan, the canvas has become a geometry of formal symmetry.

*sucked into the whirlpool  
coming to the top  
the waterfall falls  
sunlight pours into*

*having overcome*

*having realized  
having had not having  
having forgiven  
having been forgiven  
having cleansed the soul  
having cleansed the body  
having awakened*

*deep in love you quiver almost coming  
tropical waterfall and then you're there  
the multiple moods tigers in the forest  
speaking silent desires*

*stepping into the mirror image  
woman of beauty  
continuous love life variations on a theme  
delights of the day  
the child prepares for breakfast  
wearing a pretty dress as birds fly by  
the window in the garden  
a sort of timelessness*

I'm standing in line in front of the Viper Room, as the stars glimmer above the Hollywood Hills like jewels, or rhinestones on a western shirt, the planets orbit above the starscape in the well illumined light. A comedian has us laughing as cars pass on Sunset Boulevard in a stream of cacophony, the sidewalk has become the theater of the enlivening comic mind. The viper winds across the floor like the boa of our sensual desire, as we await the band in the passionate light of the Hollywood night. My heart beats to the proximity of your graceful figure, the elegance of the curve of your breasts in the candlelight, as I open a bottle of the Mark West Pinot Noir to accompany the dinner. Saturn and Jupiter appear above the hillside, and there's the scent of herbs on the breeze, as the line before the nightclub grows longer, the surreal logos of the concept lingers as a pleasant aftertaste.

*this full fruit bearing tree  
leafy greens and avocado sprouts  
a summer day circling round and round  
sky blue eyes sand colored surface  
horizon levelled sight this vision  
caprice and carelessness free flowing breeze sunlight  
transfigured in your eyes bedstead  
strawberry and peaches  
inner sound resonating vibrant  
warmth trance energy  
thoughts good intention  
ocean on the horizon  
creation of destiny*

I'm chopping wood for the fire up in the mountains of Big Sur, and I'm wondering if you haven't been too good. My kitchen is a cornucopia of health food and fruits, where I plan a lasagna dinner, and consider a mass-

age in the warm spring sunlight. I walk up to the courtesy line, and enter the nightclub with a thrill of expectation, the darkness of the dance floor is a collage of photogenic people. Listening to the guitar players in each of the songs before the first band, I choose my favorite style of playing, and then the lights go on with a dramatic intensity. When the band begins playing I notice that the lead singer is sounding like the video, the music is very cool, and soon I descend the stairs to the lounge below. The constellations above the valley glitter as the astronaut drifts through space, the planetarium is futuristic as we look out on the stars, and we feel at one with the universe in this space time continuum.

The horses are grazing this morning as I drive past the fence, running playfully through the corral, as you dance across the rainbow that encircles the valley, your nude figure is an erotic artform that brightens the day, while the feathered Indians swim through the river. Through the telescope we observe Jupiter, the brightest object in the sky tonight, with the fainter image of Saturn above, and your breasts are as white as the moon's reflection. I meditate under the Bodhi Tree while I contemplate your wondrous delights, the rainbow rising up above the mountains in a ring of intense coloration. I think of friends I have known over the years, as the satellite orbits the upper atmosphere in the daylight. Still you turn me on with your tight dress, and your high heels swirling across the hills, the wooden door awaits the moment of illumination in the soft focus of the lens.

Venus is for the intense emotion of love, and the imaginary spaceship passes before the imitation stars, glittering like diamonds before the deep blue background of acrylic paint, while you dance to the reggae music of Bob Marley, who smiles with bliss to the groovy beat. We feel at one with the future here above the ecosphere, and I feel the bliss of the subtle energies of the universe, as the horses graze near the river this morning with long black manes of hair. This museum piece is from the 60s, and you are wearing love beads as I consider the equation:  $E = mc^2$  before the portrait of the Mona Lisa, and then you dance before the Greek temple above the blue waters of the sea. I drive through the canyon, and up to the road above, while listening to the music, as the rainbow stretches across the valley towards the top of the canvas like seven shades of chromatic blue.

### Consecration of the Heavenly Bodies

Butterfly of the springtime take flight, as winds sweep the scent of the flowers through the sunlight, the sparkle of your eyes attracts me, as birds flutter, and the creatures of the forest awaken. Take the canoe through the minnows gathered in the stream, through the tall pines. I look through the open window at the lake, where the glacier once passed, as she runs out from the house. Blueberry and melting snow, we bow our heads as the consecration begins, bent of the heavenly bodies in the desires of the ancients. Mirrored through the way you might touch what has always been feathered, and free of immobility.

*long ago continuity chance design pattern  
harmonic metamorphosis sand  
spiral of loving embrace windswept hair  
round and curved evolution of these hills  
glacier action of the seasons deer tracks  
tall swaying grass like wheat  
stars above the evening stillness*

*O yeah*

*guitar and flute improvisation  
ascension elevation wings rising  
up above the forest of redwoods  
as I light the fire woodsmoke*

*and the quiet tones of autumn  
flames licking  
smoke rising up through the trees  
the end of another season  
birdsong and the integrity of natural lifeforms  
whistling sandy beach stretching around  
arms open wings lifting*

*O yeah*

*yes indeed modern sonorities cadence  
sloping planes horizontal skylines  
anthropomorphic forms sedentary cumulus  
approximations pleasant reality  
such is life you think so  
freedom self determination  
a chopper whirs above the timber  
heavensward soaring flight*

*love of life  
breath of life*

Back to birth again, whence westerly span of river, we search for the treasure by heights endeavored, and find love's wonders. Already red headed curls strawberry, and farther than mind used to be, never near we do meet again. Formed in care the sunrise magnifies the light. And nevermore be gone, ever to go on! The scroll, the rock and the pyramid. Love is what matters the most to you. Your understanding is fair, as we walk side by side past arctics and the hippopotami of history. The ink molecules gathered around the room are feeling excitations, some as they dance, always to the sound of make merry and laughter! Words of old thyme, to be here. Ah love is inevitable! The tresses of once returned love, to feel the loss. Charm at the time, dance of the lake, there was the couch, and as by cleverness she hooked it back. Back to the further, no no the party held a kiss for us. On the picnic table out back, the pages fluttering in the wind, as I read the Metamorphoses of the gods.

### Drumming to the Sound of the Heartbeat

I am sitting at the wine tasting bar at the Book Shop Santa Cruz writing in my notebook, as I sample a glass of the Storrs Zinfandel, while we await the arrival of Mickey Hart, who will be discussing his new book *Spirit Into Sound: The Magic of Music*. I am listening to the rhythm of the drums, that begin with a gentle moan, and build up to a sophisticated rhythm, as the people of the city gather for the event there is a feeling of tribal joy.

Earlier there are cloud layers above the ocean, that I see from above, as I descend the mountain road towards the giant rock formations at Pfeiffer Beach on the shores of Big Sur. I notice a flower by the side of the road, with the waves thundering below, and a red tailed hawk rises up from the mountain stream as if by magic, and lands on a branch as I am driving by. This is beginning to feel like a film, and as the magician works the joystick the magic begins. The winter constellations are beginning to move across the northern sky, Saturn and Jupiter are still above the western horizon, and it's time to consider the thesis of the ideal book, a book that you might dream is possible. I'm feeling excited because I just discovered *Some of the Dharma* by Jack Kerouac, his notes on Buddhism with poems, prayers and meditations. This is his masterpiece, a giant book that I place next to



*Glas* by Jacques Derrida, also a study of religion, a collage of columns on Hegel, Genet and the New Testament. As I feel the elation of discovering this book, I realize that this is the realization of the artist's dream, the creation of a book that is closer to the author's perception of God.

Jack Kerouac and the Beat Generation poets were inspired by the Zen Buddhism of D.T. Suzuki and Alan Watts, and I find that the writing style of this book is pure, and seemingly closer to the source of inspiration, than works that maintain the illusion of fiction. The people are gathering in the bookstore, and I find a place to stand as Mickey Hart begins his lecture, and he introduces Fred Lieberman, a Professor of Ethnomusicology at the University of California at Santa Cruz, who has helped Mickey gather information about drumming for his books. Having seen Mickey Hart drumming with the Grateful Dead on several videos, I find that in person he is lively, and has a profound sense of humor, saying that his new book is "good for the bathroom or bed." He discusses the idea of trance consciousness, drumming and his previous books. The lecture is well received by the audience who have packed the bookstore, and there are some appreciative smiles as Mickey Hart signs some autographs.

I'm driving up the mountain road that winds its way up to a ridge top, where I look out on the sun drenched blue waves of the ocean, when I notice some mushrooms growing by the side of the road. I stop to see if they are magic mushrooms, and after studying them carefully it looks like they are not the *amanita muscara* variety. I am listening to *Trilogy* by Emerson, Lake & Palmer, and this tape reminds me of my youth, and how I always wanted to write a novel that would describe reality like it was at the time.

I am sitting in my room listening to music, considering the relativity of time and space, as described in the biography of Einstein, and the colors: yellow, orange, red, violet, blue and green, the spectrum of visible light, the colors of the rainbow. This is a phenomenon of visionary experience, the colors pulsate like a cartoon, and take on a quasi-religious significance. My mind is perceiving the collective unconscious of humanity, the extravagant beauty of the moment, the colors of the morning glory. I become aware of the abstract logic of my thinking, the idealism of youth is my philosophy, and with a sense of humor I listen to *Anthem of the Sun* by the Grateful Dead. I hear the exaggerated delay of the guitar, and consider this a work of art, and this is around the time of my high school graduation.

I am visiting with my friend Rambler, and we are discussing *The Doors of Perception* by Aldous Huxley, and as we walk through the city in the cool air, I breathe deeply and feel my heartbeat. I am considering the idea of psychedelic consciousness, and feel turned on by recent memories. I feel the sensory flow of experience as we walk across town. Magic is in the air as the fall colors of brilliant reds, yellows and oranges form a collage of rhythmic impressions, while up above the cloud formations are superimposed on the canvas. The solar panels are outlined in brush strokes of color, the digital squares of the film editing are fading above the rings of Saturn, as the space suit is seen in soft focus. I picture the universe around your surreal aura of glowing health. The candle flame flickers near the bed, and the smell of incense wafts before the succulent food is served. Our discussion turns to the subject of psychic phenomenon, as I study your facial expression for signs of illumination, the psychedelic sound of the music draws our attention. We are listening to *The Fool* by Quicksilver Messenger Service, which is the ultimate expression of guitar excellence. I picture us riding horses on the beach, and then riding across the hills of the ranch, while from the loft the woman with long hair looks to the future. Life is love.

*etheric realm of geometrical forms*  
*celestial spheres lattice work of stars*  
*impressionistic smudge of pink*  
*artifice epic longing deceptive shading*  
*theory of pears calendars a game of chess*  
*microscopes and telescopes*  
*from the observatory hill starlight echoes*  
*sermon on the mount waves rolling in*

*a woman with a cape set to sea  
tapestry of the days circular forms and colors  
reds and violets warm nights by candlelight  
crickets chirp light glimmers  
through the woods taking flight like a hawk  
soft like a dreamy cloud*

*making love on the earth*

*canopy of diamond starlight  
a collage of structural elements  
integrated into the macrocosm  
evolving towards harmony and contrast*

*being here now*

*this moment of time space in motion  
mobile and fluid open structure  
free form composition construction of glass  
architectural spatialism taking in this prana this spiritual light  
emanating nucleus molecular colors spectrums  
visions of a central sun galaxy dynamics  
a light golden dusty lane nebula  
faint glowing halo*

Your nude figure on the beach, showing where the sun hasn't gone, you turn me on as I look from the top of the sand dune, feeling the wondrous energies of love. The rainbow over the valley runs through the trees, a butterfly passes by on the wind, and we are on our way to see SRC at Union Street Station. Your breasts under your t shirt, the wet look of your hair, and the smell of strawberry conditioner turns me on. You are dancing before the stage, and the music is well appreciated, as Scott Richardson jumps off the stage, and walks into the audience singing a song called *I Remember Your Face*. The colors of the light show are an intense red, stage blue and ultraviolet, the psychedelic aura of the metaphysical waterfall beckons, while I sip a glass of wine. Christ is above the circle, the canvas is the idealism of perfection, and as you toss a handful of glitter towards the stars the band plays on. Above the stage a hawk circles the valley, the drums create a pleasant trance rhythm, and the sound of the keyboards is classic Hammond. The planet circles the sun, as the marionettes dance across the floor. I notice your sun tan in the montage of sensory perceptions. The magician plays the guitar, while the cymbals are quantum events as we crawl into the sleeping bag, the sand hills feel the joyous relaxation.

We are sitting under some tall trees in the mythical forest, and you are playing your acoustic guitar. You start singing a song by Neil Young, and I am totally amazed by your performance, the logos of divine inspiration is upon your brow. As I look out across the forest, I see God in every living plant and rock, and it's a mystical experience. I sit back under the framework feeling the wisdom of sleeping under the stars, the celestial orb of the moon shines through the trees, and my mind is crystal clear. The portentous feeling is upon us, the canvas is a revelation of color, a sandy tan violet and sky blue, the prefiguration of Mary is the golden light of the intellect, and I hear your voice on the telephone. The moonlight shines on the jacuzzi, the whirlwind sweeps through the trees as we walk on the beach, where the ancient mariners landed some time ago. My friend Zig Zag is the incarnation of the Buddha as he plays his guitar, I light a fire under the starry sky of the transient heavens.

*the horses hooves on the hillside  
the riders roving towards the cliff  
and below the waves in the moonlight  
we look to the horizon our inner thoughts  
the breeze fresh chilling and cool  
a flock of birds migrating the waves foaming*

*sandy soil descending the trail vertical  
careful cautious we wind our way along the path  
trees of the forest branching density ionisation  
sunlight highlights lighting your flowing hair  
musical tempo hoofbeats reminding me of this song  
having found our way back the decision of a lifetime  
a fork in the trail here continuing in motion  
this visualization emotion and there's the ocean  
from this perspective golden sunsplashed  
some cars below reflecting light  
flowers herbs and grass  
sparkling crystalization country road  
under the trees realization  
circular forms moebius strip*

*beautiful forms curving spiralling to infinity*

I'm at McCabe's in Santa Monica to see Gary Duncan & Quicksilver, a guitar store specializing in acoustic instruments, while the prophet considers the transubstantiation of the intellect into gold and silver, the voice before the microphone is that of the legendary group of the 60s, and through this framework we feel that this portentous event is about to begin. David Freiberg is with the group tonight clapping his hands to the beat, while Gary Duncan plays some tasteful riffs on the Ovation, as the airbrush paints in the framework of the revelation. The Paraclete appears in the form of a messenger, while I lean back in the jacuzzi on this windy winter day. The lightning bolt becomes the giant scale of nature, this is the incarnation of the young couple, the paragon of beauty and the heroic young man. As the whales pass along the shore the Alchemist considers the marvelous attraction of the elements, and with a philanthropic gesture he creates some gold for the poor. I transcend at this moment, with the realization that you are a day tripper, while I study the ancient manuscript for signs of illumination.

Gary Duncan's expertise on the guitar is legendary, and with a sense of omniscience we consider this vast creation called the universe. Above the heavens the celestial orb is seen in the night sky, and I consider the relativization of ethics in this numinous world, the concept of artificial life, and the life of the shaman becomes this phenomenal moment. The panorama is before us as we experience the beauty of the moment, we enter the dream circle, the colors of your hair glow, and you are an erotic artform, as we drift towards sleep on this windy night. The colors of orange sunshine at our awakening, I contemplate the divinity of your smile, and above the canvas heartbeat, the colors of the collage are pulsating red, morning glory blue, and heavenly sky. This is the main event, and the weather is warm as we consider the empirical sciences before this sensory feast.

As I look at the spaghetti I am about to cook for dinner, I notice that it is made with 100% Durum Semolina, which reminds me of the legendary guitar player John Cippolina, who was with the original Quicksilver Messenger Service. I remember walking uptown to the record store when I was young, and looking at the silvery record cover for their first album, and thinking that this seemed to have the intrinsic qualities of a psychedelic classic.

The music is an intricate example of guitar virtuosity, and as I lay back I feel a hypnotic relaxation beginning to happen, the transient filament of luminous light creating a heightened awareness of reality. The sunshine is shining through the window on the precious stone, an agate that reveals the strata of a significant evolution, as I consider the whales passing along the shore at Big Sur. They seem to be travelling in pairs today, and my estimate of reality is based on the implications of the law of probability, and it is with a clear comprehension that I perceive the solitary hero, and the naked young woman at his side. A personality without pretension, and a sense of nostalgia are the sublime attributes of this meditation on the passing of the whales, heading south along the coast, and out into the ocean along the current. André Breton has written in the Surrealist classic *The Automatic Message* about the psychology of “spontaneously interrupting autonomous phrases” that form the basis of automatic writing, and there is a sense of random verbal play at work in the mind of the musician. I listen to the oracle, as I ponder the marvelous stream of consciousness that is the poetry of verbal association.

I am reminded of the concert by the Moody Blues where they played the tune *Timothy Leary is Dead* for an encore, and the oneiric authenticity of the music, as the unsilvered dragon flies spangled the air under the moonlit night. My compliments to Timothy Leary, the legendary hero, and archetype of the enlightened psychologist. The iconoclast becomes an intermediary of the imagination, as we begin the embryonic journey into the psyche of our aspirations, while the band plays with a prophetic elegance in the platinum moonlight. I am the advocate of justice in the theoretical strata of logical thought, that reminds me of computer animation, the flow of abstract forms on the canvas of the night, the circles and polygons, the fading digital squares of color. I recall the time my room mate at college Guillaume put on the Moody Blues, that was back in the days of the *Jabberwocky*, when we would stay up late at night studying, and listening to music. Guillaume, and our friend Broadcaster, would recite *The Jabberwocky* in stereo, one on either side of the listener, as we walked through the psychedelic nightfall.

*‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.*

*“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The Frumious Bandersnatch!”*

*He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he sought -  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.*

*And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!*

*One two! One two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.*

*“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”  
He chortled in his joy.*

*‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.*

*The Jabberwocky  
Lewis Carroll*

We used to play chess with the chessboard set up on a speaker, to get the true alchemy of stereo sound, and we always put on *Dark Star* by the Grateful Dead. I remember our “cowboy breakfast” after staying up all night, and my roommate said, “Well I guess it’s time for a cowboy breakfast.” This is after listening to *Happy Trails* by Quicksilver Messenger Service. It certainly is!

And now as whales pass across the star maps of the marvelous afternoon I am reminded of the photograph of myself at the time, with hair like Bob Weir of the Grateful Dead. And the old Rambler that a friend used to drive, a car that was a classic of automotive design, and the pretty girl in the neighborhood named Chimera. She played the piano, and would make that magical sound from the beginning of *Take A Pebble* by Emerson, Lake & Palmer, where she would brush lightly across the keys of the piano. It’s with a sense of self assurance that she played *Fur Elise* by Beethoven, as I recall that feeling of fascination at the creation of incredible music, the genesis of a circle of friends. It’s an example of a priori reasoning that the hypothesis of causality is assumed, and from this perspective the events of a lifetime are sketched into the typographic columns of a book. The idea of a book is a paradox: if the book is to be imagined as an idea, is that idea itself a book?

At the House of Blues in Los Angeles the Jefferson Airplane are performing the *Volunteers* album in an acoustic concert, and from the perspective of the turn of the century, this avant garde album cover is reminiscent of the classics of the psychedelic era. The performances by Paul Kantner and Diana Mangano are outstanding, as are those by Marty Balin. I certainly shouldn’t underestimate this performance, as I recall the LA Folk Festival of 1993 which featured such folk legends as the Jefferson Starship, Joni Mitchell, Roger McGuinn, Arlo Guthrie and Judy Collins. There among the heterogeneous crowd of music lovers, the musicians played to an indeterminate number of fans, and the festival constituted a sensibility of rock classics performed on acoustic instruments, or as solo musicians there on the UCLA playing field. From an adolescence in the 60s, to the mature sounds of the present, the music lives on forever!

## II.

Showers of mist above the rocks as I drive along the coast past the metaphysical oceanic blue of the Pacific towards Big Sur. I am the advocate for this storybook of rock music legends, and the rights of humanity, and as Christ drank the wine in memory of his saving of humanity, we drink the essence of this metaphysical beauty, while the Milky Way swirls above the ridge, the molecules in symmetry, the taste of the wine lingers as the atoms disperse across the tongue. The Robert Mondavi Cabernet Sauvignon is excellent, and I am working on some new songs for synthesizer and guitar. As I move the knight to protect the pawn, I study the supernova above the board, and I design the squares in digital gradations of color, the story book is illumined with the logic of my next move. I am listening to *Emerson, Lake & Palmer*, the self-titled first album, and I have my



keyboard set up on the floor so I can rehearse for the studio recordings that I do each week. The java is embedded with your portrait, your long golden tresses that I would follow through the labyrinth of the city streets, thinking this is the genesis of a possible relationship, the mystic hierarchy of our success.

Like Mary and Jesus we would consider the philosophy of the spirit, the soul's journey through life, and the crystallization of our dreams, and the protection of humanity from outrageous misfortune, with the variants of this drama spiralling to infinity. I am watching the video called *Yessongs* as you dance across the streets like a ballerina, while I consider this syllogism of pure symbolic logic: the father is to the son, as the mother is to the daughter, thus the transformation of youth into the abstraction of this painting. I move the knight to the pawn's vicinity, and perceive the possibility of a symmetrical line of defense. The pawns line up as cyber apparitions, the knight capturing the intrusion of the pawn into the geometrical square. It's C+ as the predestined Messiah, the byte of computer logic is represented in the digital squares, while I anticipate your next move.

The simultaneous paradox posed by the philosophy of the pharmacy is the subject of the debate, with the essence of the transcendental soul held sacrosanct, and the logos, or breath of the soul, defended by the advocate for creative freedom, as I realize that we are predestined to succeed. Your gestures have a feminine grace, and this differentiation becomes self conscious when you dance across the street with the spirit of freedom. I am listening to King Crimson, and I recall the mood that was created by the song called *I Talk to the Wind* years ago, as the appreciation of the lyrical flute creates the motivation for our line of defense. The dancer somersaults through the organic garden of nature enhanced by a sense of transformation, the digital squares giving a sense of abstraction to the canvas, a palette of coloration extending to infinity.

*composition evolution solution  
soon peace of mind smiling eyes  
the trail leads over the hill heartbeat  
the ocean waves lines sunshine vision  
thought time these things the spirit  
subtle images impressed upon the mind  
on and on we go truth  
O yeah*

*climbing skyward through the breeze  
yesteryear evergreen elevation scale  
proximity calendar freeform sculpted action  
reaction creation ocean with ship galaxy sand  
starlight earthworks newspaper mass media  
energy beam trajectory polarity  
O yeah*

*wildflowers herbs aura glow afterglow  
ecstatic shudderings verbal oral psyche  
colorings caress butterfly chardonnay  
from the hilltop the view of the coastline  
rolling hills and the ocean bliss  
letters philosophy new writing  
O yeah*

*blended rice mung beans  
so this is the way  
sequence narrative interconnectedness*



There are intimations of love as I feel the creative sensory experience, the heterogeneous emotions are engulfed in the moment, and you dance above the street as I feel this transubstantiation of the water into wine. This is a visionary experience, and we interact with an expertise that is airbrushed across the panorama of the canvas. I rise to the dream circle of the prophet here under the California sun, the paint is a reflection of love, a sacrament that is a sip of wine from this glass, and with foresight I dream of our future together, as the author has shown in the ancient manuscript. I drive past Esalen, and hear your voice on the telephone, as I compliment you on your mythical beauty, the young hero becomes the legendary archetype of the young lover, as I pass the transient framework of the scaffolding. Portentous as this incarnation has become, I perceive your divine beauty with the intellect of the literary scholar. Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God.

I advance the knight to the digital square, and flash back to the revelation of your self conscious prefiguration. Why am I smoking this cigarette? Why am I drinking this coffee? The enigma of this question becomes apparent on a giant scale, as I sit back in the jacuzzi on this warm spring morning feeling the idealism of youth, as I consider the abstract logic of the mind itself, recalling a subtle hallucination of transcendence here in the inner sanctum of the warm bath.

A circle, a square and a polygon here before the Book Shop, as I consider the ontology of this phenomenon, the drums still audible before the announcement of the messenger who stands before the microphone, and with a philanthropic gesture he saves the rainforest. The psychedelic music sets the mood for this collage, while I admire your sun tan, where the cleavage of your breasts reveals the truth, the warm weather and sunshine cause my heart to beat. The video editing reveals that the knight has advanced to the precise geometrical equivalent of symmetry. In a montage of filmic inner realism, I perceive the captain, the magician and the shaman, who are written into this storybook of love.

### Wellsprings of Emotion

Your letter has opened my mind to the workings of destiny, magic and meaning, as the flow of time stretches across the years like the gossamer web of *antahkarana*, bridging the world of spirit with matter, like an old scroll unrolled in the morning light. As I study the words written there it seems to me that time itself unravels, like a string which holds the construction together, and when I start pulling the string I find that it is infinite in length. The words of this ancient manuscript are resonant with visions of mountains by the sea, and a beautiful woman. A constellation of stars rising above the horizon, clear like filaments of light this summer evening. As we stroll along the wooden planks, and look out at the waterfall, our reflections on the surface of the river, old timber weatherworn and faded, our own images shimmering on the surface, I drift off with the current into the past. Somewhere out on the water I encounter an island which is between the blue of sky and the sea, as two seagulls pass by overhead, and ride the wind out towards the island which hovers like a mirage, as a fair skinned woman smiles. Flowing over the waterfall with a steady thunderous resonance, and the water flows on and on, until I notice a small form in the river, which swirls around and around.

I love your starry smile as it sends sparks of light running through my soul. I love your magic. This waterfall with the silvery light of water rushing out, as the river runs through your heart, and through your mind, and through all time. Two seagulls flying along the shoreline, effortlessly gliding along in perfect love, across the bay towards the harbor. This traveller's tale is a text that unfolds the mystery in a series of signs and symbols, which speaks of the wonders of love. We merge with the universe in a spontaneous kiss, angelic being, as the sand pours through the hourglass. The river running on and on, the spray rising before us, gentle mist with the scent of the sea soothing and serene. The water flows over the waterfall, and cascades across the sky into the

sunset, which fades into the first stars of the evening above.

On the forest trail the horses are galloping on the soft and aromatic earth, where your natural grace shows well. Into the water, deep into the aquamarine as if in a dream, rising up from the wellsprings of emotion, flowing through the canyons towards this riverbank, where I am laid back on the sand. You are the beauty of this fair land, where mountains rise above the sea, and off we go into the light, curving into space far from home. I hike along the beach with steep hills rising, and misty islands off the shore, immersed in this passing dream composed of words and memories. A year spent wondering these wooded trails, and that is how it could be written, a feminine letter, pen and ink, flowing thoughts interlacing with the vines that run along the trellis of the garden. Two fawns on the hillside, inquisitive and grazing in the daylight, the storm rolls in covering the sky with thunder. On the beach the waves come rolling in, and leave two imprints on the moist sandy surface. Now the days bring with them new echoings of an ancient music, as I awake at sunrise with birds chirping outside the window. The sound of a twelve string guitar in the prismatic light, over coffee I think of you, and listen to the wind. A whirlwind of natural aromas, yawning consciousness, becoming at one with the spirit of the morning.

*ancient sound of gold just listen  
and metal the history of this land  
the steel of the sword vertical  
I am called upon to serve  
on the wind this subtle impression  
the strings are doubled and ring*

*with the sound of nobility  
an open tuning creates a chord  
under the trees like a breath of wind  
on the tall grass of sunlight  
prismatic colors through crystal  
above the planets appear before the constellations  
adding a new geometrical configuration  
the seed of love scattered to the sky  
like the nebulosity of the pulsating heart*

*love of life  
life is love*

The waves like thunder at Carmel. As I play my twelve string on the beach I realize that I am seeking that feeling of freedom, as the waves resonate with a deep thunderous roar, sending a light spray of water across the illumined sand, a light mist appearing on the metal tuning keys of my guitar.

Up the coast from Carmel is the city of Santa Cruz where I visit with a friend, and we reminisce about the past. My friend Rambler is handsome and well defined, yet now with shorter hair, black with some shadings of gray. He has achieved perfection, and speaks in a rapid voice, brilliant intellectual that he is, and now I regard him as I would a guru. He lives with the beautiful Melody who is very gracious, and she speaks in the style of an educated woman, and has a gray cat on her lap who she is petting, and the cat is feeling blissful. We drink some wine, and discuss the works of Henry Miller, and the music of Bach.

"I remember when we were reading books like *The Doors of Perception* by Aldous Huxley, and *The Politics of Ecstasy* by Timothy Leary," I begin. "That was after we graduated from high school, and do you remember that day when we were walking through town?"

"I remember that," Rambler says as we sip on the wine.

## A Prayer for the Universe

When the spirit soars to incredible heights it takes on an angelic feeling, much like a state of grace. Gone is ordinary human consciousness, instead the human experience becomes a bit closer to God. There is a tremendous surge of love, and willingness to give, and to please.

Beyond logic, a feeling of love and resolution. Peace of mind, and an appreciation of beauty, captured in a smile.

The feeling of ecstasy. The present moment is full, with a feeling of satisfaction. No yearning. A perception of pleasure, an actual feeling which can be prolonged, if you let the feeling filter through the nervous system in its own magical way. If the mind is open to receive, like reaching for the ultimate orgasm.

The body takes on, or soaks up, the emotions.

The wellspring of emotions, the deep and inner source of all emotions.

Subtle states of bliss, much like a thousand degrees of perfection. In other words the complexity of bliss, subtle shades of emotion, delicate, ephemeral.

Screaming orgasm, the sounds of love, like a cry. Where the human becomes more in touch with his or her own evolution.

Falling through the mirror. The feeling of loneliness that is so intense that when one finally looks into a mirror you pass on to the other side. Falling without being able to grasp.

Existing as all of the energy of the previous universe gathered in, as if in a breath, and held for a moment, that moment between breaths which contains infinity, as if the universe has condensed into a single giant star, which soon explodes in a giant orgasm creating the new universe. The octave, infinity.

Energy, identity, and consciousness. The memory of all previous time wiped clean, and a present that is building up to a climax, as it is in the process of organizing itself.

Human attributes emerge due to the nature of what is.

Prayer, meditative, conceptual, visionary.

Recently my thinking has taken more of a spiritual direction, since many of the conceptual problems of psychology can only find a solution, or resolution, by utilizing spiritual metaphors.

In fact the mind has its own argument going most of the time, an interior monologue that basically takes the form of an argument, usually in a very logical mode. There are the problems of the world of which we all partake. I think the solution is to get beyond the argument itself, to this peaceful area where the mind is no longer analyzing problems.

Instead there is a feeling of love and resolution. The resolution is beyond rational thought, and is composed of compassion, understanding and love.

Assembling of diverse pages, letters and landscapes superimposed on glass creating an added dimension, so the reader can achieve visionary experience. To be seen with the inner eye.

Where spacetime = simultaneous bliss. A car traveling west on the expressway.

*God, Divine Mind*

*You, Christ Self, Bride of Christ*

*Writer, Artist*

*Present, Canvas*

*Action, Observer of Canvas*

*You, Reader*

Well we got together and made love, the beautiful young woman and myself, and we wandered across a sky strewn with memories, through fields of yellow flowers and golden sunsets, to a hillside covered in green moss and fallen leaves, to our castle on the hill. Once inside we sat by the fire, and her complexion was blushed with the rose of good health, her hair had that windswept look, her hand soft to the touch. What good fortune it is to love her, I thought.

“Well what do you think?” I ask.

“I think it’s a good idea,” she agrees. The fire crackles as we watch the logs in the last remaining light of day. This was an imaginary sort of light, that we created at will. The castle was, of course, not of the physical. Nevertheless we were cozy and content.

“I feel flooded with emotion,” she begins. “The feeling is welling up inside. I could almost cry.”

“The memories return,” I suggest.

“But I feel happy too. I know it will be good,” she smiles.

“It should be the most wonderful thing ever. This time should take us to even new heights,” I declare as the flames dance across the logs in a golden blaze, while we sip on some tea. She has thrown back her hood, and opens her coat with the ermine collar.

“My concept has become the highest energy and magic in the world,” I continue. “The energy field of which we all partake, the radiant energy of which we all are a part. Love. Hence the angels and nymphs, mortals and immortals, gods and goddesses. But a very erotic goddess I must admit!”

“I’d like to explore the narcissistic image, that is one of the approaches to a certain kind of lifestyle that I am considering in an effort to reach an image equilibrium. Maybe I’ll try astral projection,” she ponders.

Candlelight meditation.

“Nirvana. Total bliss. Ongoing. Certain thoughts such as happiness. The solution. Don’t worry. Feel alive and balanced. You are radiating a red aura with violet overtones partaking of the divine,” I say.

“Your aura is blue with shades of green,” she replies. “Changing before my eyes.”

“As an artist one sees things differently,” I begin. “At times with more clarity and complexity, you might say, certain qualities when examined become transformed into recognizable shapes and dimensions. Blessed with a surface structure of their own, taking on an ambiance of the mountains, the forms of the waves rolling in, an intensity of color that reveals the inner sensation of having perceived a déjà vu, where all things share in a joyful happiness of peaceful co-existence, harmonious and shaded redwoods.”

“I am also interested in the spiritual aspect of the gods,” she says as if thinking out loud. “My thinking has returned to the view of the divinity of the individual. The way I see things now would be along spiritual lines, where the transformations would be from one historical time to another, from one place to another.”

“Some beautiful clouds lately,” I continue. “As if they are airbrushed across the sky. The sun is at a southerly

angle for the winter. The light looks different, more golden. I am getting memories of California.”

The guiding star. During meditation I notice a very intense and focused white star, which appears out of the afterimage of a candle flame. This white star seems to have a black rotating quality to it, as it appears, and rises in my field of vision. This is followed by a red star shortly after, and then a green falling star the next day. Also a black star.

Before this there is an introduction. I am sitting at the kitchen table, and out of the corner of my eye I can see a star glimmering in the sky, and it happens so quickly I think it is just my imagination.

Since these original stars I was reading a story about a woman whose singing teacher stops and says, “There’s a star on your forehead!”

*the mist rolls in gently comes in waves  
rolling in scents of the morning time  
as sunlight streams across the everpresent  
of this blossomful day  
skylight souls this warmth of love  
these tresses etched across the morn  
as redwoods tower over the hills  
swaying up above  
déjà vus of coastlines  
Indian legends and vine years  
as we break fast with coffee and such  
the memory of now  
hearts of the future  
ah yes this future!  
a drifting mist  
of foggy glass  
and plates*

A vision that begins with a geometrical design that begins whirling gracefully, until it becomes a vision of you and I in Hawaii, inspired by a television commercial, which again transforms into a whirling figure, a dancing girl who pauses dramatically with arms outstretched.

In the dream I am with a girl, and we are shopping. But before this I am at a library, and I am looking at what book?

Waiting for the telephone to ring at this moment, “It’s been a while!” I exclaim. Her voice has kept me in suspense.

“Give me a call,” she says. ‘Friday night.’

Laying on the bed I hear a ringing sound in the music, and then into town. What is there to do? Dinner, talking and concerts. Consider the physical. What to cook?

Strawberry on the silvery waves as I drive past the ocean. It leads to the adventure of a lifetime. Memory. My own place in touch with my dreams under the redwoods. Written out in dream cycles as I drink this mocha.

Asymmetry and ecstasy dripping in the sunlight, and in jealousy let me count the ways. It’s a gathering up! Let us not perish! Telepathy acquiring acquisitions. Get the feel of it! Our ideal setting for the play. Turn of the

century hardwood. Nothing but rays of color, and ice cream's ecstasy is where fantasy begins. To the sound of chirping baby frogs.

The wealth of the soul, constellate, and unveil.

A waitress waiting ... sigh ... having said this, having sung this song. We exemplify the kind tradition of sun-flurries and fun, and through the window a girl on a bicycle. Having heated the coffee. Jog, and feel the fatigue of your consciousness, as it whirls like a breath of wind. Sings La! La! Good morning!

*sensation sonority  
having readjusted the values  
for these specks of light  
and across the floor  
faces dancing with that cute sexy glow  
reminds me of the feather in the day and age  
when we looked through the glass  
crystals and vibrations this bliss  
this river led to the union  
of all our efforts*

*and the space between  
easy going  
it was put there from without  
and the breeze through the window  
the radio soft what's happening?  
the crumb cake electronic underwater clock*

Sitting on the steps in Berkeley now off we go ... bippity boppity ... to find that address. The square awaits, drum circle and flute evokes the stone age rhythm, not far from the fault center of the sonic whirlwind, our paths magically intersecting, to see what would happen. The network neon glows as you find a penny, or some spare change, while the fiber optics trace the perihelion.

As we climb to the top on our perilous journey, I leap first rolling down hill, and wake up to find I am looking into your eyes. There's a legend that if you sleep under the redwoods, and the sap drips on your face, you will have an incredible dream. Through the glass ... déjà vu ... life is simple with few variations, so tired after 10 hours on the job. The sun shines with serenity, as the birds lead you away from their nest. Omelette.

Campfire overlooking the bay ... daydream ... and in this context the hour passes quickly. On the bedspread in a trance ... figures appear in the hourglass ... the morning breeze with boundaries of self, and footsteps on the stairs. Listening to the music of John Cage, and it happens purely by chance, at the amphitheatre, in the store, or according to whim, in the stars, or through the valleys. Panoramas during Pan's hour on our quest.

"Ready for adventure?" I ask.

"Yes. I'm ready," Sunshine says.

I am moving past the spiral of spirit ... spurts ... turn off the light as we descend the mountains with tall peaks ... vroom ... in the Year of Our Lord 2000 A.D. On the steps quantum surprise! Cranberry ... ah yes ... the inspiration of cuffs and boots. Quaff the nectar!



## Book II

### The Infinite Ecstatic Eternal Everpresent Moment

Wave upon wave of ecstasy sending shudders of joy into the infinite ecstatic eternal everpresent moment of now. I consider this canvas as time shifts into view, sunset blue sky and the psychedelic perspectives of trailing motion, the waves in harmony with the rhythm of the heart, beat upon beat, kissing in the fading light. Warmth in bed drifting into sleep, a ship upon the waves, as I notice another ship approaching, and a woman's voice calls out.

I awake thrilled with this energy, and realize what this visitation means. If only I could set us free from this intricate web ... if only ... swept up and away from this place into the sky becoming at one with the spirit. Returning with the word upon your lips, sounding out across the rolling waves to the shore, to the fireside, to sleep once again.

Sunlight streams through the window onto the surface of the canvas illuminating the brilliant colors into vast distances in space. Two dream figures lost to the world, existing in this tenuous space between water and sky. The fire of fall colors, a landscape glowing in warmth, a portrait of a beautiful woman. Speaking in the morning light as if to ask a question. Why not?

The tall trees deep within the forest, I hike through the sand along the shore, the waves at my feet. The island with its broad stand of timber, outlined against the blue of sky, and the clear colors of the water, those were the days of candlelight in the cabin.

healing the mind clearing letting go  
forgiving the injuries of the past  
fading dissolving transforming  
the residue of pain into pleasure  
alchemy metamorphosis  
exaltation once these memories surface  
appearing out of nowhere  
arising but not from the source  
the healing begins  
the magical abilities of spirit  
to enter its own level of perfection  
by releasing these fears this karma  
this anger from the past  
lightening the mind and spirit  
so that healing is achieved

Golden metallic sunlight through the trees shimmering in the brisk wind, gusts of spray coming in from the ocean, a golden light which filters through the leaves, sweeping across the sand. You would love it here. The warm sand between your toes, that first hesitant step into the cool waters, looking good in your bikini. You would be beautiful, and I would feel more alive than ever, rising from this deep sleep, and awakening to the sound of the waves. Searching the hills for a secluded place to make love, a magical place where we could lay out a blanket, now I realize why I came here, why the sky.

The forest would inspire you as it does me, the pines and cedar trees gradually rolling up the steep hills which overlook the ridge. I think this place would bring out the artist in you, it would open your mind to the

purity of nature, the craftsmanship of the infinite. When I take a pebble from the beach, and hold it to the light, I am reminded of the human form, of certain amorphous sculptures. I take a pebble, and toss it into the ocean while making a wish.

The stars are incredibly clear this far north, and the Milky Way, a haloed glowing disk of 200 billion stars is seen with its arms extending outward into space. There is a radio on the picnic table, and this evening we are listening to classical music, the music carrying along the flow of thoughts, as I watch the flames rising.

## Parallels & Perpendiculars

Within the warmth of this comforter we drift like snow towards the stars, and as if in a dream I see a deer-skin, with symbols in the margin, rising to the surface in the archeology of consciousness. Thus the novel begins with a vision, a prophecy from mysterious origins, and becomes the artform which conveys this esthetic ideal along narrative lines, yet in essence is in the form of a circle. A circle in the sand creating a continuity of culture from Native American sources to the present tense of narrative time. As your narrator you might consider my identity as Daydream to be that of an artist. As a writer I am merely the spiritual medium for your interaction with language, or what I would prefer to call the logos, the spirit of God within the word itself, and thus your experience of the divine logos.

A circle of friends.

My ideal reader is you Carrie, the reader of this novel, and it is written so that you can easily find your place in it, the reality imagined here calls for you to participate, so that we can make it happen. You play a very important role, not only as reader and interpreter of these prophecies, but you help this reality to exist by playing a part. It exists in your mind, and hopefully will be fulfilled sometime in the future, when the events become real in the present tense. This novel is for you, just to show I am thinking of you.

And here I am at work on my novel, as if in a deep and thoughtful trance, and my ideal reader sits beside me here, where she is reading over my shoulder, with her left breast pressed against my back. I dedicate this book to you, just to show that I care.

"I love the way you do that," she says.

"It's one of my favorite things," I say. Yes I am so easily defeated from my literary efforts, so easily swayed by the ideal reader. Yet what is the artistic process, but a series of loving exchanges and appreciative thoughts, the flow of language setting us adrift on the river of time, drifting towards the ocean of sleep. Your lips forming the words, the gentle sound of your whisper, the paragraphs adrift on the flowered bedspread.

In the afternoon I drive to the Henry Miller Memorial Library for inspiration, admire the rare editions of Henry Miller's books, browse among the other authors, perhaps pick up a copy of *Big Sur* and the *Oranges of Hieronymus Bosch*, and read a paragraph. I study the expression of Henry Miller in one of his photographs, or remember the watercolor portrait I drew of Miller when I was in high school, a painting I still have.

Hiking up through the clouds, the sunlight beaming through in golden streaming illumination before the mountain blue backdrop of sky and hill and hay. Curving hills of sand and rolling waves below, the forest rising above as the wind is felt through the warmth of your sweater. We hike up the trail through the canyon with a river flowing below, and up through the clouds to the hot tubs where we can see for miles out over the ocean. Now the parking lot is far behind, and the passing people look like enlightened spiritual seekers, as the deepening blue light of sunset begins to darken the canyon here at Esalen. The stars above as I think of dinner by the fireside with a glass of white wine, and the distant glitter of starlight is seen above the redwoods, sprinkling stardust across our eyes.

this word these thoughts  
unwinding out of words  
in this direction letters letting go lifting up  
this navigation of flight this way  
so easily hearts drift away this knight  
so winds gathering away this drifting rift  
this astral flight as in sight  
we move across this heaven of thresholds  
into our dream of cream

and coming to this house  
we look out all across the land  
this earth this rock this tree  
the colors bring these thoughts to mind  
stardust across our eyes.  
in this dream we fly across the countryside  
in outline colors here and some here and then  
as feathers as leaves as dream beings  
we arise laughing at this cumulus thought

In the morning loving sunlight through the windswept flowers flowing over the curving sand, interspersed with evergreen, and the trailing vines of chardonnay. Herbs on the path ascending towards the beach, as the morning glory blueness of the waters of the ocean sparkle in motion, reflecting sky and clouds, becoming photographic images in this gallery of erotic dreams. As we hike up past the trees birds take flight, and the ocean beyond is visible, ships ride the waves towards the lighthouse. Your smile inspires, and the way your hair flows in the wind, as you ride your horse galloping across the crescent, towards the edge of the canvas.

Through the trellis of flowers, the heart and mind drifting in sleep as the currents of the ocean undulate at the water's edge in violet colorations. The ivory of your complexion, and your breasts swaying in the warmth of the sun, while the trail of the comet overhead on starlit nights would satisfy. The house awaits with its vertical lines of wood, and this is the culmination of your dreams, as you let the memories flow through your body in the shower. The arc of the rainbow spans the years as we hike over the sand towards the western horizon, your voice is resonant, ringing with the bell chimes of the wind, as the sunlight brightens the path we approach the shores of eternity. The angels illuminate the book as we relax on this blanket, wading in the water with a splash of sound. The artist who seeks the real significance of phenomenon, the topography of the mind's evolution, to transform the years of our youth into pure magic, and inspire our search for the grail, is at one with the place, the aurora borealis rising in the northern sky. Through the mists of time these impressions unfold into the future when the heart is free to love again. When I look into the mirror I see myself as a young man with clouds passing before my mind, and eyes adrift in the remnant of a dream, the pages of a book opening onto sunlight. The day brings with it a palette of color, radiant sky with golden beams of light through the kitchen window.

### Licking the Cream from the Milky Way

Whale eggs for breakfast as two fawns prance along the beach, a letter falls from the sky onto the porch, love, beauty and ecstasy! The sand dunes cry out for joy, the colors of the prismatic snow crystals calling for liberty. Guillaume Flambé, man of music, mustache and philosophical insight is visiting here this weekend. Where have the years gone? I drank them, he postulates sitting before the fire with the wind rattling the

windows. If one were to read the works of the poet, then one would know.

Hiking along the shores of the ocean, the sand a milk shake color frosted over with grass brushing lightly past. Up over the sand one can see for miles. The clouds gather above in flight as I watch the moon through binoculars, mountains, craters and circles.

within the circle firelight  
warmth rising towards the stars  
licking the cream from the Milky Way  
the stars assemble within  
the colors glowing brightly  
pink blue and violet  
the north wind blows  
over the hills of sand rising flames  
time has found itself within the center  
whirlwind

Peace is attained, expansive energies merge with the light. Four fawns on the hilltop tails wagging, starlight glimmering within their eyes. Diamonds arrayed in curves, soft skin, feathers, the sound of waves rolling in. The fox whispers to the silent hills, calling from the woods, snow peaked mountains, and the sound of the flute.

The gallery Le Minotaur with brick walls and beams of light illuminating the canvas, a vague outline emerging from the shadows, darkness giving way to colors, profiles becoming figures. Before the city a woman gliding above the circle. Mirrors reflecting a face, within the sound heartbeat. Golden glowing ecstasy the soft snowflakes falling outside, as the ice maiden is frosted with snow. Icicles flow as a river of ice through the storm, as I melt in the fire which encompasses the heart. The lamplight in the night, words flowing through the fingertips, the worlds above falling like a mist across the bay.

Through the tall trees this ice sculpture of human form, I hike the whiteness of thought, the emptiness of time, the colors in absence, I meditate on the curving sand, soft footsteps on the trail up through the stars. The spirit whispers, and glides towards this land of timelessness. The feather, the fireside, loving energies flow.

I am the lightning as the trail disperses into light, radiant wavelength of blue sky, the ship on the horizon. A chipmunk leaps on the railing with a childlike effervescence. Sunlight glows with an inner smile, and through this cluster of light we are riding horses as the astral projection of love.

Freedom constitutes the true course of enlightenment, while the logic of the circle becomes an act of love. Peace pipe knick knick, an aromatic incense rising towards the heavens. Love gathers in autumn clouds on the page, silent stillness of the peaceful waters of the bay. Stacking the firewood in the cold air, meditative once again, as the triangle is eclipsed by sunlight. I would like to take a chance, as I delve into the nebulous possibilities, while my car swerves around this haven.

Once was a vision, once upon a time, of bowing in the rain, yes, yes and true! Why we waded through this white snow I wasn't to know, then this musical ringing. Just goes to show the liberation of us all in happiness, harmoniousness and pears! All peoples of the bird rejoice in song! Color with bliss this house, and sing with songs this day. All begin to sing. Heaven this is of ice cream this very day, so all gathered here, and the sound of the song was heard. Happy this Merry Christmas is here at the house!

And then a sound was heard, in God we trust! The snow drifting across the drive, drifting up towards the side of the page. Zero degrees and windy, the kerosene lamp at dusk. I aim the arrow towards the sky as a flock of birds passes by overhead. The colors of the feather, white tan and gold, in the other hand herbs.

Listening to the music of Bach within the A frame. Chromaticism of colors within the gallery, star clusters and milk, you snuggle up deep under the feathers. In the dream we find ourselves hiking the dunes, the sand illuminated, birdsong chirping, flutter of wings, a feather on the wind. The islands begin to resemble those other islands. The lake becomes transformed into sea.

## Angelic Visions

Cloudy areas of moving fog rolling down the hillside, chalky strokes merging into sand, I hike across the sand thinking of you. Bright morning light filtering through the fog bringing angelic visions, dazzling brilliant light illuminating the surface of the painting with its play of soft colors, two gulls glide across the bay. They appear as an omen in perfect synchronicity with my thoughts, riding the wind out towards the ocean, at one with this moment of awakening.

Strawberries and cream converge on the breakfast table, milk tones beyond uncertainty, and we know this is love, can feel it. Everything is beautiful! Heaven fills the heart with a radiating love, and you say, I can fly! as you come up over the dunes. Angelic visions of a summer day, as you dance across the water. The warm rays of sunlight bathing the complexion, as we skip across the incoming waves, and dive into the crystal clarity of cool water. Large glass windows looking out on the ocean, the brush dips into the silvery blue of your consciousness, letting fly schools of minnows flickering under the surface, waves rolling inward.

As two divers, long hair streaming in the slanted light, we enter the water where dream images hover on the periphery of the aquamarine. Swimming and flowing with the rolling waves, I feel the inpouring energies, and the prismatic fractal light of curved forms. We dive under the blue surface, seeking that bliss. The sky has tilted up, and we are floating across the edge of time towards a brilliant glowing light.

The island appears before us, and soon we are there in the midst of a landscape of cedar forest greens and milky sand, this lovely orb circles the sky above the deep blue waters. You speak in reverent tones evoking an image of mountains, a village elevated and serene, a face of heavenly beauty, silk, and the ink of calligraphy among the flowers and herbs. Splashing through the shallow water, we return to sensual delight once again, within the frame of this composition. Time has slipped away, gone with the ebb and flow, leaving us with the now. My head is in your lap for all time is here with us, contained in the caress of your fingertips swirling in an infinity of color, approaching that oneness with God, as a trellis of morning glory trails into the garden.

A feeling of exhilaration, rising and melting the emotions into a wave of ecstasy, that sends a shudder through the soul. Standing before the gates of heaven I think, Heaven is within. The sunlight fills your smile with a golden light as we become all that is. Walking across the beach, and through the light, I love the heaven within your being, that starry essence of light.

The mountains tower above the scene, rising straight up to the blue sky, and now the smell of espresso. At a French cafe in Boulder I look out on the world of thought, as ideas run through my mind, with the two books I just bought, one by Ronald Sukenick who I have just spoken with, at an angle on the table. I drink in the beauty of the avenue, and I feel that we are in touch, the etheric levels calling us forth into our true potentials.

The angel approaches with a perfect grace, gliding across the clouds, appearing as if in a dream. Her hair is somewhat mussed, as if she has just awakened from a deep and delicious sleep, she appears before me with a starry smile. When our eyes meet some magic force comes into play, we speak effortlessly, her voice is soft and melodious. As she turns to go I notice her profile, her well formed breasts, and then she drifts away through the clouds.

At this moment a wave of sound comes rolling across the heavens, complex and rhythmic piano chords, and a deep and thunderous bass line is heard in the roar of the waves, winding and weaving its way through each successive moment, to the percussive clatter of the cymbals. She appears before me, and offers me what appears to be a glass of wine.

Nectar of the gods? She smiles with a golden halo, and the wine tastes delicious, a rich and full cabernet sauvignon, slightly herbaceous. Another wave of sound comes rolling across the heavens, this time the piano strings ring like bells, like wind chimes, as I watch her move across the clouds. When the angel reappears, she leans over to speak to me, with charm and courtesy. When she turns to go I feel my spirit fly through the air like a bird in flight, riding the wind on a warm summer's day.

angelic light beaming through the glass  
the whipped cream melting into clouds  
the taste lingering like a kiss under moonlight  
time is now all contained within  
the plants of the forest riverbed

the sandy shore and mossy brook  
I walk through the clouds of memory  
the coastline in sunlight a dream  
the angel approaches the table  
as the whirlpool of stellar essence  
swirls into nocturnal fantasy  
of the cool lovers on the boulevard  
the young hero and lady of dreams  
flow across the canvas  
liquid colors of living water

all is love  
time is now  
all contained within

The gleam in the sky up above the pine trees, a sky full of stars. One of the stars begins to twinkle dramatically, and after watching it for awhile I decide to call it a day. I crawl into the tent, and quickly fall asleep. Another wave rolls in across the beach creating a natural sound, the water rolling up on the rocks, sending a spray of water into the air, sparkling in the early morning light.

The walls are painted a light blue, easily mistaken for the sky, as I turn my gaze to the row of plants hanging in front of the windows. They bloom like a tropical forest, with the bright exotic colors of parrots, maybe a river flowing past the table. At this moment I catch a glimpse of a girl sitting across the room, who happens to be reacting to something being said in conversation, or is it the sound of the waves, that is causing such a smile to light up her face? I catch a glimpse into a bright soul, a girl with red hair sitting near the river.

"This wine is excellent," I compliment the angel.

"Thanks. It's our celestial drink," she says in a voice that sends a wave of pleasure to the heart, with a soft and sensual sound, very feminine. Here we pause, and listen to the sound of the surf, as the music rises in waves, and descends leaving a silence for us to draw upon. She has a deep concentration followed by an understanding nod that bespeaks of intelligence, and in the distance I can hear some bird calls followed by some drums.

"What do you like to do?" I ask.

"I have a degree, I do all sorts of things," she says, and the thought registers in my mind like a beam of light through a prism. The colors are followed by an ascending line from the piano, which breaks into a million shimmering parts. She smiles and glides through the clouds with a motion that is graceful and swift, and at times the



cloud formations reveal a patch of blue sky, with seagulls circling above the gently rippling waters of the ocean, the sunlight dispersing on the water in myriad reflections. I watch her as she walks through an interesting cloud formation.

“I’m working on a novel,” I narrate in a thoughtful tone of voice.

“That sounds interesting,” she responds as another couple gets up to leave, and as they make their way across the room, the waves thunder on the shore. Stars are beginning to appear above the horizon as the golden sun melts into the ocean, while a seagull rides on the curving line. The birds circle above the waterfall as we walk out into the cool air of the night, I contemplate the silent buildings of the city, and drive with the flowing after image of the expressway through the night.

### A Spiritual Peace

I find myself recalling a battle scene with the roar of the action, the clash of swords and shields. 48 B.C. Gaul comes to mind. Just a battle scene, but feeling myself at the front lines of the action, yet able to move up and down the line of the action to encourage the troops.

I find myself addressing a king who looks something like Henry the Eighth, or so it seems. Apparently this is a speech to the king concerning military matters in a great hall.

A spiritual sensation of peace, with an elevated mood, and a peculiar sense of humor, that I usually get in these situations.

The English Channel. The first invasion of Britain. I picture the boats moving towards the high banks of England, soldiers on the top of the cliffs, archers in our boats shooting arrows, the boats having a hard time landing on the shore. Vivid imagery here.

The real solution seems to be to work for peace, even if it requires military strategy. A peaceful solution, a surrender is sought, instead of having to resort to violence.

### Flyer & Nude Abstraction

I put on my leather flyer’s jacket and silk scarf, as you dance with an ecstatic sensory pleasure across the misty mountains of Big Sur, and I realize that the cool winds here are perfect for flight. The bright colors of love are stroked across the canvas, a celestial sky blue and heart throb red, with shades of emerald green flowing through the forest, while the overall effect is that of a beautiful abstraction of color. She is looking through the image to where I sit here on the couch, and I think there is something on her mind. The beautiful girl without any clothes on is approaching, and is that a book balanced above her head? While the flyer has elevated both his arms, and is ready for flight.

It is only through flight that the flyer can recognize the true potential of space, the mind becoming a manifestation of its own true identity, this transcendent space has become his dharma. Flying into the wind at incredible speeds life suddenly reveals its true nature, the clouds are wisped by the wind from the ocean, beautiful clouds brushed across the sky in the golden metallic sunlight. As I drink the nectar of the gods I think she has a face that I recognize immediately, such a beautiful expression with fine features, eyes that seem to be asking a question. The nude girl approaches jauntily, sexy with beautiful white breasts. The chromatic brilliance inspiring the field of vision, beautiful shadowy blues running deep, and bursts of reds and violets spiralling to infinity.

We kiss, and get ready for flight.

I turn the propeller, and we taxi down the runway, and lift off into the heavenly blue of sky, this vast space of etheric beauty where we experience the Godhead as we approach the all attractive entity. This yoga of exhilaration becoming devotional service to the young lovers, as Christ appears as a subtle image in the cloud formations, and I recite a mantra of ecstasy while perceiving a love for God. Wearing my goggles and scarf the world seems virtually pure, and alive with energy, as she glides across the surface of the hills like a butterfly gypsy flower child. Love flows through the colors in waves of energizing light as we approach the mountain peak, your figure is sexy in high heels, and as the surf is splashing on the shores below I experience a transformation of mind.

As I meditate in the sun on the porch of the guest house, with the ability to focus my thoughts on a single pointed idea, I am learning self control, so that I can avoid the negative impulse, and destructive emotions such as anger. I have learned to go beyond distraction, and I get a sense of who and where you might be, your smile gliding through time. I meditate on the shadings of color from your bikini, which are fading into the distance of memory, while I bank the airplane into clouds of silk. You might be sitting in that chair with a dreamy smile, as I fly towards the heavens in the hedonistic sensuality of the sunlight. We climb to a better altitude, and face the beauty of the mountains, and at the top of the hill we come to a burst of color, intense reds and deep purples streaming across the nebulousity, the waters shimmering below in the sunlight. As if this were a scene from paradise, a garden of earthly delights, we bank into the clouds while splashes of color reveal the inner sensation of having perceived a glimpse of heaven.

It is with a sense of ethics and professional conduct that we renounce the intrusion into the privacy of another individual, and it is to the service of the Lord that we are dedicated, as we fly out of the cloud formations, and into the light of our metamorphosis. You become a butterfly girl dancing across a field of daisies, while I transform into a mythological hero flying towards the constellations above the hills. We drink the nepenthe of the gods, and listen to music of a timeless, and dream-like quality. The skywriting on the cover of your innovative novel inspires this chapter, and I notice some words written in Sanskrit which set the mood, and I have a sense of being able to perceive the passing of time, and a karma that returns like a friendly interpreter of the ancient symbols.

I am interested in legends of the early cultures as I meditate on the hills overlooking the canyons, your nude figure stepping in my direction across the topography of this epic tale. You dance across the clouds, and swing on a moon beam towards castles and kings, while I bank across the hills that parallel our cultural history. I land the airplane, and walk towards the hangar. It's time to celebrate our success! The natural history of the land unfolds before us, the campfire putting us in the mood for love. You read a book while a light mist descends from the sky, as I walk up town for a café mocha through the light rain, as it seeps through my being, through the silence of my mind.

At the cafe the children are clever this morning, and they are reading books. They speak in an intelligent tone of voice, and everyone is animated with appetite. You are at your computer, while I am feeling exhilarated, and in love with life. This love guides me through the day, effortless and beyond thought as I observe this cosmic drama, and its darker shadings.

Day after day the pages of the novel I am writing drift before my vision, as I think of the woman I love, the intricate design echoes with the voices of friends. The letters of the day are flowing into the river, towards the curve of the waterfall.

"I've been seeking to attain a type of reality that is pure artistry," I begin as we sit at the bar, and quaff the sparkling bubbles of conversation.

"Perhaps there is a place for you in my future," the young woman replies. She is a student of creative writing. "What about the idea of abstraction?"

"I like the idea of simultaneity, where several things are happening at the same time in the course of the novel, and most of the thinking I do happens to involve romantic themes, that I use to create a surreal fantasy of what could be. If there is a metaphor to make the visualization of this novel easier to comprehend, that is the

idea of painting,” I suggest as we walk through the gallery.

“There’s a certain density to the writing that I admire,” she says as we stand before a painting. “There’s something there to keep the reader interested.”

“Simultaneous events, timeless moments, a feeling of *déjà vu*. Freedom and self-realization, also a more spontaneous style of expression. Could I achieve this?”

### The Knight Approaches

Such as whatever comes to mind, the knight passes, the night comes along, two and twenty times, the waves roll in along the way. The showers of eventide, the sky set sail all along the waterfall, bachelors and brides, the sky shines brightly, waves wherever it goes, fall, fall along the way. The knight approaches, sounds, metal, the forest flares above, waxes and melts upon the tapestry flowing in soft melting tones, sand and skies, the ocean, the color green, a green that stretches across chimneys, skyrockets, lights of all sorts and colors. Pause. A darkening sky hovers over the treetops, shadows of red rays, setting suns sinking across the wavy rolling way, and all the creatures tall and short, small and very small, jimp and jump this way, and that. Singing here, and listening over there. We all gather to hear this which is spoken. Hello hello! There is so much to say, and so little to listen. Words in various tongues, licking and sucking as one might relax a bit, and the story is told many years ago.

To return it is most necessary to consider all of the approaching angles, since to consider one must think, and to think one must not only consider, but cogitate the preliminaries, you mean to say that this is something? To mean this could be something else? Such as? To ask is only to consider words as these are just to be written, the rest is up to you. To think, to examine and to consider the various phrases of the shifting surface, the mechanical aspect of it all. The machinery is set in motion, in motion, in motion. Let’s skip a line here for the sake of clarity. So yes, I would say so everything seems to be working out in a certain direction, and it is only to understand this that one must open one’s mind to what should venture therein, such as knowledge, since it might be more than just various phrases.

### Godspeed Oceanic Consciousness

Structure here, a stage with light and sound, and the colors are red, blue and a cosmic violet. Time is set in motion as a thought. Wooden stage floor, and the mood is relaxed with shaded colors of expectancy. Electricity of self ... premonition ... a glass of red wine balanced on the surface with fluid rings around the glass, light passing through the redness with the effect of colored glass. Cathedral ceiling with beams of light from above giving illumination.

A beautiful young woman descending the stairs in motion, her breasts jiggling with creamy whiteness. Music, a rhythm pattern... recognition ... she approaches, long flowing golden hair with an exchange of smiles, moving on. My attention has been focused, a sip from the glass, the colors a deep wine red, violet to golden light, and white soft textures, relaxation plus that peak note. Climbing circles. She is circling the wooden floor, violet and white bikini. Awakening of emotion, I am feeling inspired now with possibilities. She swirls past in a sudden motion, and there is a loosening of the flow, dancing across the surface, thoughts blossoming into consciousness.

Hiking along the shore of crystal waters under the blue sky, across the surface of aquamarine. Blissful presence in the open space, the waters rolling out in all directions. Something there ... a subtle impression ... yes it's you I am thinking about, this subtle strand of energy stretching across the waves, over the hills connecting us with this Godspeed network.

City skyline with streets, turning the corner to the  
sound of flowing dreamlike colorations, glassy blues  
of window reflections to ultraviolet concrete, the traffic  
flow in the fading golden light. A girl crossing the street ...  
currents flow ... dinner this evening. My favorite things,  
we are holding hands, and I help you on with your coat  
in the cool breeze of the northern winds, the cool colors  
stroked across the surface of the canvas.

Light moisture

raindrops

precipitation

condensation

a spray of light mist

relaxing

space

Travel ... visions ... university glass windows, pages of books.  
Camping by the lake ... dinner with candlelight as the future unfolds, moment by moment, kissing under the stars. Dark star on the breeze, the wind through the leaves, feathers and a pink ribbon unraveling

unwinding

ivory

connecting

curves

ah

scintillation

abstraction

desiring

kaleidoscope

glass

infinity

waves of passion

drifting

calm

this grand design

the morning paper

coffee

sun shining golden light

this beauty

here

once

*meditation  
on the letter G  
gentle genesis genie  
joy rhythmic verbal prose  
living loving enlivening  
meditating under starlight  
evolving involving solving revolving  
circles round and round  
flying above the treetops above the stars  
becoming this becoming one becoming together becoming  
the letter G such that  
the letter inscribed within above around into  
such that sometimes it feels as if  
oceanic consciousness encompassing this vast eternity  
contained within this moment this gesture this fluttering  
peacefullness beyond the complexities of thought  
unchained from the signifier freed from the sign  
this inflowing energy of spirit  
fresh water through the mountain stream  
quickenning the self clarity  
opening the door to the mind  
paradise drinking in this cool water  
ice melting in the sunlight transcending physical form  
the square a bird takes flight suddenly at one with the moment  
love presence thoughts drifting like sand across the beach  
clairvoyance there you are so beautiful to behold colors shifting sands  
the wind blows echoes wood grained surface  
the number 2 space filled formed perfected  
the redwoods aromatic towering tall at Big Sur  
the ocean its subtle language spray lifting  
white foam grassy hills above the majestic beauty  
silent listening  
the letter G*

Circles, deep colors of forest green and aquamarine blue, she passes this way again, and I smile with appreciation. I take a sip from the grail, and watch the brilliant color palette, the beauty of the moment, the dance of attracting forms, her figure setting the fire of colors in motion, soft golds and fair skin. We smile into each others hidden being. Circles. Around the edge of the square, this moment tossed to infinity. Rising warmth and deep colors brightening, the aura shimmers with a golden light, reds violets creamy tan lines blossoming into smiles, and the secret desires of the heart.

## The Galaxy Spirals

The lecture by Magnus Torén is upbeat, quick paced, and intellectually satisfying as he discusses the works of Henry Miller with a charming Swedish accent, and I realize that he knows his subject very well, and should as Director of the Henry Miller Memorial Library. The words from the beginning of *The Tropic of Cancer* reflect the French attitude towards art, the rebellious sense of humor, the breaking away from tradition. As the lecture continues Magnus Torén has the audience enthralled with his theory of contradiction within the works of Henry Miller, and quotes from several of his books to illustrate this thesis. On the table next to him is a stack of books by Henry Miller with pieces of paper placed at various memorable passages, and the audience at the Thunderbird tonight is sitting on folding chairs in the glass enclosure of the lecture room, which looks out on the shops of Carmel.

Magnus Torén is a tall, handsome man with a voice that keeps the listener interested in the lecture, and afterwards I ask him if he is a teacher. He says that he used to teach high school, but has had various jobs which have brought him out to Big Sur. He plays a song he wrote called *If Marilyn Monroe Had Married Henry Miller* on acoustic guitar. The lecture is one of the best I have heard, and the Henry Miller Memorial Library is lucky to have a man who knows his subject so well.

The canvas is above the city, as the woman dances across the canyon with snow topped mountain peaks beyond, we are floating weightless within the gallery space of metal and glass. The cloud formations above the beach remind me of the change in weather, while the young woman with the orange scarf is quiet and introspective, up above the galaxy spirals tonight in the crystal clarity of time lapse photography. We are within the circle, and there is a cord on your space suit connecting to the polygon, while the planet is seen above the ecosphere. We are dancing in the laser light show, and feel the brush strokes in the three dimensional shadows of the gallery.

From the planetarium we look out on Mars, the color of the soil is red, and I notice the familiar looking mountains. The scale of the universe is in relation to the Medecine Wheel, the images are superimposed on glass so that you can look through the infinite darkness towards deep space. The erection of the structure above the ecosphere is reminiscent of the paintings of Heironymus Bosch, a garden of earthly delights for the audience of music lovers. The music is trancelike and meditative in style, and as I walk towards the canyon I feel that this is like a dream. The intense heat of the sun has given way to cool temperatures in the shaded areas of the grass, and I sip on a glass of chardonnay as we listen to the music of Robert Rich, the well known new age musician who can be heard on the Music from the Hearts of Space radio programs. The weather is unusually warm this weekend, and the festival is held on the grass next to the wooden building which is the Henry Miller Memorial Library. There is a mural painting of the coast of Big Sur which encircles the stage, a tent with a mixing board for the sound man, and a table set up with wine and food. The audience for this music is sophisticated, and we sit on the lawn as the show begins on the second day of this event.

I finish working on my novel for the day, and notice that a light mist has rolled in near Nepenthe, and as I drive the dirt road descending the mountain I open the window and look out over the valley at the houses of wood and glass positioned on various hilltops, or knolls. I stop, and look out on the ocean while breathing the fresh herbaceous air, which reminds me of a good cabernet sauvignon. Earlier at the delicatessen I stock up on lasagna and wine, while considering the works of the Surrealists. I admire a well written book, and I am collecting certain authors for my travelling library, having just finished reading *The Automatic Message*, *The Magnetic Fields* and *The Immaculate Conception* by André Breton, Paul Eluard and Philippe Soupault. At the Library I decide to browse through the bookstore, and I am looking at some used books which I have donated to the library, when I realize that I have left a translation I did from *Paradis* by Philippe Sollers in an old issue of *Tel Quel* from 1975. I walk out onto the patio with the translation, and I recall when I was living in Berkeley in 1975, and bought this issue at Cody's Bookstore, and now I read through the translation with a smile, the essential meaning of the unpunctuated prose is evident, and I laugh at the humorous comments of the narrator. Robert



Rich is playing a keyboard on the stage, and the music continues, dreamlike sounds for deep meditation that echo through the forest of redwoods, while I read through the translation. The sound system is composed of several speakers on the lawn, and I stand next to one of the speakers to hear the music with clarity, and the rhythm of the music is upbeat yet simple, a piece he later said was from *The Seven Veils*.

The coyote is standing in the light before the window's reflection, a creature too noble for domestic life, running free through the canyon like a gifted child. In the candlelight I am hearing a message, to the sound of very relaxing music, and as you fall asleep you are having a dream. The woman covers her breasts with soft white clouds of fur, the colors of the polygon are dreamlike, and I think of you as you dance across time, across the wondrous delights of the dinner table. There are some folding chairs before the stage, and photographs on the wall of a nude woman in various artistic poses. Beautiful examples of erotic art inspire the imagination, as young people begin arriving for the show, and there are some British accents among the band members, who begin playing in a dramatic coffee house style. I am writing in my journal at Morgan's Coffee & Tea in Monterey, while we listen to Equation, a British rock group with a female vocalist, who have just finished their sound check. The lead singer is a beautiful young woman, and the band is impressive with tasteful guitar and percussion from the young men. There's a young woman sitting next to me which creates a geometrical figure, a psychic perception passing between several people simultaneously, as the band runs through their fiddle and guitar repertoire. The moon is a thin crescent as I consider the future with someone like you, art objects are enhancing the silence as I consider the Greek temple, and I think we are years away from the death of the novel as an artform. You blow my mind with your poetry, your metaphysical essence is the sound of the soul, your breathing in the moonlight, I drift off towards the waterfall, the illumination.

The tower at Innisfree, and the poet Yeats at work on his metaphysical books, while the sound of bagpipes, fiddle and guitar are heard as if in a dream. Earlier in the day a red tailed hawk circles above the canyon as I imagine the moons of Jupiter, and the rings of Saturn through the telescopic lens, the focus begins to soften as superimposed images of the moons, and their shadows are seen in the darkness. You are the beautiful woman of my dreams, and our conversation reminds me of a Beatles film as we speak in a humorous art gallery context. The colors of the sky are gradations of blue, the acrylic paint glistens with the palette of butterflies, your breasts and elegant figure become a silhouette before the glittering starlight of the galaxy.

### An Infinity of Starry Diamonds

*I should return  
sea surf seething surf  
thrown up on the beach  
the beach and sand  
this is heaven  
there she is*

*life on the island  
Eden bliss under tall trees  
fruit and purple berries  
wild grape vines alongside the rock  
the Prophet by the cave  
one summer's evening  
think of the future  
one day the ships will appear*

*the sunset's fiery blaze  
you and I on the island making love overwhelmed  
orgasm release of energy spirits rising above the tree tops in flight  
simultaneous love peaks ecstatic shuddering breathe deep  
waves rolling in subsiding on the sandy shore  
soothing rhythm of the surf empties  
our thoughts harmonize  
we are as one*

*ships off the shore  
the Captain welcomes us aboard  
release  
a fluttering of wings  
the flock rising above the surf  
a free and easy feeling liberty  
bliss emotional release  
rising above towards  
eternal scheme*

*unfolding quickly before our eyes  
revealing the course of this earthly journey  
the fiery sunset on the western horizon  
gathering light on the silvery waves  
where darkness and light converge  
where ships ride upon the waves  
as time rolls in on the shore  
soft whisperings and intimations*

*hourglass motions of warmth  
sending love*

*to the heart of the heavens  
surging foam breaking over the edge  
taking a sip from the chalice  
glimmering jewel of consciousness  
often your dancing image  
subtle scent of your thoughts  
one being achieving unity of self awareness  
forgetfulness bliss together again  
as we await patiently the arrival  
of our destiny*

*your future our children  
cooking dinner above the ocean surf  
the stars glimmering in the sky*

*weaving a tapestry by day  
coming undone in the cool blueness of night  
bird calling in the forest  
formal demeanor and teardrops  
tempered with the dream of sad partings  
distant ships to arrive  
with the promise of gold  
Venus and Saturn circling above the arch  
of the heavens falling stars  
he sails the ship across the waves sunrise to sunset  
returning some day soon  
distant cultures and pearls diamonds amethysts crystals  
hiking through the woods  
hearts beating as the waves below  
lightyears across an infinity  
of starry diamonds*

*stretching across the universe  
at Godspeed we approach our destination  
the light rising into the sky on the sands of multiplicity  
the alchemist of desire adding sulfur to quicksilver  
this golden light which shines within  
smiling fair skinned beauty  
fox in the moonlight*

*Sir Francis Drake to the north  
having discovered the harbor of San Francisco  
after so many years of wandering*

*the eternal Tao cannot be told  
vast stretches of space  
spiralling to infinity  
where time and space cease to exist  
angelic kingdoms  
in love amidst the turmoil  
the breeze fluttering through  
the many colors of the tent  
flames reaching towards the heavens  
the complexities of love lifting  
the child upward tonight  
the resonant strings of the harp  
lyrical psalms of David*

*and then along the Nile one evening  
bathing in the blue light of dusk  
glassy flowing river smooth and serene*

observes the delicate graceful motion  
cycling back again

the many faces and the many moods  
life's theatrical evolution  
release

a promontory above the waves  
looking out to the horizon  
the strokes of the paintbrush  
bursting colors rising  
simultaneous release  
riding this wave  
this rolling motion  
auric emanations  
and dreamlike  
premonitions

sketched in here  
this is the moment of truth  
wave upon wave of color

angelic voices merging with  
each other in simultaneous  
blissful release  
golden light of warmth opening  
quickenning acceleration of form

peace extending across the star strewn sky  
of the galaxy  
on our ascent  
up the spiral of infinity  
a man and a woman in profile  
on a sandy stretch of beach  
a young girl laughing  
and chasing a butterfly

## New Songs for Synthesizer & Guitar

I listen to *New Songs for Synthesizer and Guitar* while looking out on the ocean at Big Sur, and realize that I have the makings for a progressive style CD, something a little more sophisticated than the usual rock format of short popular tunes. These songs are longer and represent some of the more creative moments from the set of rehearsal tapes. Out over the hills the wind is stirring up the ocean, which is a light hazy blue in the morning sunlight, as I watch for whale spouts.

As I get ready for the recording session this morning I am feeling confident and relaxed, realizing that I have two songs from the rehearsal tapes that are ready to be transferred to ADAT tape. I have master tapes of *New Songs for Synthesizer and Guitar*, and there are a few recordings where the levels were set perfectly, and the mood was exalted enough to make these tracks worth keeping. As I walk up the rocks to my truck I see the sun rising over the ridge at Big Sur, the houses of wood and glass in the distance are visible in the golden morning light, and a light mist is rising off the ocean. I am glad to have a regular schedule set up, so that I can drop by once a week and build a multi track recording. The studio is a small building outside of town, and since I am early I walk up to a coffee house around the corner, and surf the internet while I am waiting, thinking that the young woman behind the counter is looking good, and showing some cleavage.

The recording studio is artistically designed, with sound sculptures of wood and foam on the walls, and a recording console with a mixing board, ADAT and outboard gear. The recording engineer Coyote is at the console as we listen to the synthesizer piece through the studio monitors, and I am happy to be putting *Ascending Synth*, its tentative title, on ADAT tape. I also have a mellow acoustic tune that fits the progressive mood of the first album.

"The idea is exultation!" I say in an ecstatic voice.

"That comes from living at Big Sur?" he replies.

I look out the window of the studio while up above the supernova is like a spindle of luminous light, the fine air brushed texture spinning in the night sky, as the works of Miller, Kerouac and Brautigan flutter through space. The astronaut enters the clean room of the puzzle, and holds up the wafer, a clear silicon disk of crystallized matter, the atoms lined up in order on the dice, and as I look out on the skyline of the city I notice the modern architecture. This is the triumph of Postmodern design, the geometrical structure is asymmetrical and designer styled, while below the golden thread runs to the layers of transistors which form the microprocessor, a chip the size of your thumbnail. The planets circle the glowing sun, with Pluto and its moons on the perimeter, as I realize that there have been times in my life when I have been without money, sitting on a bench with a diminishing perspective, where little seems possible. The gears of the transmission are laid out on the workbench disassembled, and we are waiting for parts, while I walk past the Dean Witter building in Oxnard, with the morning sunlight mirrored off the geometrical windows. I consider the galaxies in the local group, and fall asleep in my Bronco with memories of Berkeley, sitting on the steps and feeling free. Your figure is a piece of the jigsaw puzzle that is projected above the street, as the blue and white sky is reflected in the surreal glass of the modern architecture.

"Is that a twelve string?" he asks.

"Yes it is," I say as I look out on the street. The jigsaw puzzle is a polygon with chairs before it, and the colors red, white and blue. The young women are getting a tarot reading on the sidewalk, to see where they should go from here. I think of when I used to ask for spare change to go to the free meal, thinking I could live comfortably on 50 cents a day, although I would have preferred a little bit more out of life, a job at a bookstore would be fine. The future has good luck in store for the girls, my roommates Model and Gypsy as the cards reveal the possibilities. At the laundromat I wash my socks and shirt, this being my only clothes, and the smell of food reminds me of my poverty. A spaghetti dinner with a glass of red wine would suffice! My roommates are on the way to breakfast, while I consider the newspaper headlines, the moons of the planet revolving in orbit as the tarot cards reveal the future. As I sip from the wine I recall a vision of Christ above the landscape, a painting by

Dali that my brother had in his room. I walk along the avenue of artisans, past the gold and silver, the turquoise and tie dyed shirts into the bookstore, where I browse through an edition of works by Marcel Duchamp.

When I get to Santa Cruz the mood is very happy for all.

"You look like Phil Lesh," a guy on the sidewalk says.

"I happen to be a big fan of Phil Lesh," I say, and of course we are referring to the bass player from the Grateful Dead.

"We're from San Francisco. I used to see those guys hanging out in Haight Ashbury in the days of the Merry Pranksters," he says with a smile, as a young man walks up with an acoustic guitar.

"Want to play some blues?" he asks, and hands me the guitar.

"Some blues in A." He's got a harmonica, so we start jamming on the sidewalk. We're playing the blues as people pass by.

I recall doing my laundry at the laundromat on Telegraph Ave. back in the early 70s, when I was reading *Hopscotch* by Julio Cortazar, a book that has a list of the chapters at the beginning, and instructions for the reader to read either of the two books from the list. As I start my wash I look for my copy of *Hopscotch*, and then realize it must have fallen into the washer, and when I take out my wash I find a water logged expanded edition of the book, metamorphosized into a book sculpture, a monstrous bird dripping with laundry suds.

It was Shakespeare & Co. who had a copy of *Inventory* by Michel Butor on sale as a remainder, and I had just discovered his book *Mobile*, an innovative novel that was a collector's item, and as a book store employee I was interested in new trends in fiction. As I walked the aisles of the book store I could hear the drum circle echoing across Sproul Plaza. I was also reading Ronald Sukenick, Raymond Federman, Gilbert Sorrentino and other contemporary American novelists at the time, and when there was a sign at Cody's Bookstore for a reading by Ronald Sukenick from his new novel 98.6, I was impressed, having just read his *Up, Out and The Death of the Novel and Other Stories*, and considered his work to be a trend in fiction that was informal in style, and innovative in design.

On the day of the reading I climb the stairs at Cody's to the gallery above, and say a few words to Ronald Sukenick before the reading, and he asks me what section of the novel he should read from, so I suggest the potlatch section. The author is wearing a vest, and begins the reading while swigging on a half pint of Jim Beam, to keep the edge off his nerves, or just to be cool in a bohemian sort of way. The room is filled with a sophisticated audience, and he reads the potlatch section from 98.6 where the narrator makes love with a woman out in the vegetable garden. The reading is cool, and helps the audience envision what many people were considering at the time, the hippy lifestyle, communal living, and the theme of back to nature. After the reading there is a round of applause for the author, and he answers some questions from the audience, and signs my copy of 98.6.

After the reading he mentions the upcoming San Francisco Book Fair, where the Fiction Collective will have a booth. On that day I take the Bart over to San Francisco, and find the Fiction Collective table with Ronald Sukenick, who invites me to consider the Fiction Collective as an alternative to conventional publishing, where the writers themselves act as editors, and vote to accept a new author, or not. After the fair Ronald Sukenick's wife shows up, and they are going to visit the Museum of Erotic Art in San Francisco.

### Dreams of Glass & Windmills

*This narrative is generated by a random number list on an early model computer, so that the story can be formed by these random words which appear in italics, as if by chance.*

I'm interested in the light *values*, *tripping* across the field in a sunny blaze of light. Here *association* adds some color, a warm golden glow, lots of green. Time is forgotten, and with this breeze appears the *subject*, the *bride* of intangibles. With the sound making contact between two *driving* forces, and our *endurance* amidst the



tall walls of grass, the *smell* intoxicates one with a desire for more, *sheltered* as we were from view, the moisture smooth to the touch. The final slamming of the car *door* sounds as we leap across the ditch, spilling some *ice* from your drink. Through an *array* of field flowers we move, and it seems these pictures are set in *motion* by the warm *temperature* of the air. Here's a *flattering* pose, I love the way you look, and with this backdrop of *hills* we become *physical*. A *time of repose* as we exchange mutual *symmetries*, your *posture* is relaxed, and there's a real *nice* quality to this *film*.

There's a good *profile*, and there's something about that *position* in front of the structure, the calm pose, the easy smile, and later the *periodic* rhythm of our hearts. From this *perspective* I look distant in comparison, the *heat* waves hovering above the tallest weeds. Your *figure* is nicely accented here, *stimulation*, skinny dipping that night, the coolness of air and *water*, *libidinous* lapping of the waves, and then a *campfire*. I like the even distribution of *blades*, and with the *juices* flowing we begin this erotic *behavior*. Kind of a *playful* optics, and who needs *permission* to smile? Through a *density* of wood that borders an old broken *fence*, we look for the *north* star, and out of the *blue* it appears later in the evening. Our spot in the *clover*, photographic realism, and *obscurity*, we are *holding hands*.

Not much *traffic* on this country road, and it seems we had lots of *sex*, giving our *attitudes* a chance to *function* in the *shade*. The *vision* is *simple*. Nothing like a good *response* to the *work* at hand, the *calm* pose, the pleasant *appearance*, and there by the windmill you stand. Do we know love? In the lake swims a *fish*, all the *girls* among the *trees*, even the *pin*es, twisting *branch* of *character* with opaque *light* veils, rolling the *dice* towards conjunction in the tall dune grass. I can *smell* your perfume, and is one to call this *passive* behavior? The *bark* on this tree, *linear* and vertical, neutral gray, and are these photographs contrived, or is this *liberation*? A fine illusion of *representation*, the earth is your *fortune*, and as for all these exterior *pressures* let them dissipate among the clouds. With a light hearted concentration, we'll call this *success*! We'll label this *avant garde*! These photographs are ready for the *future*, they are set in *motion*, and you can't see us as we *hug*. There are no *crickets* in these pictures, not a glimpse of *fate*, just a feature of this *program*, and actually there's just a piece of typing *paper*, and this is another *afternoon*, another breeze.

My *damsel* in modern dress, as for *imagination* the only logical answer is: Yes! How beautiful the *sky* in this black and white print, we stand *naked*, and feel each other's flesh. The series is *developing* well, and your back is *arched* in determination. As you *aim* your Nikon I wonder if I'm smiling enough, and with *patience* you advance the film, maybe a few shots by the *lake*. Is *rivalry* visible in this expression? In this *immediacy* all the others are lost, the motion of the *motion* is begun, as the windmill turns. And with a little *paint* I could color this in, *yellow* is the color of the dandelion, *strong* is the strength of your *orgasm*. There's a car by the *road*, on with this harmless *activity*. Here's a nice *still*. Why are we hooked to this *lovemaking*? Why this *caressing*? I carry the *blanket* over my shoulder.

Standing naked in the *shallow* water, as the waves wash up on the shore, and in this age of *chivalry* I let you do the talking. As I follow this *non-linear* narrative progression I *desire* order, like a *manager* of chaotic events, I trek down the winding *trail*, the sand is *smooth* underfoot. And are you *teasing* me awake? Gotta keep the *edge*. There is plenty of *time*. These *woods* are inhabitable, and with a little *repair* that tree house could be a cozy model of functionability. *Dreams* of *glass* and windmills. Interesting *vantage point*, as my teacher would have phrased it, and with my arm around you, and a smile that might be *transparent*, with *motivation* a human psyche might be set in motion.

*Tilted* up to the top of the structure, the *camera* forms a significant relation in space, and while *embracing* the light reflected from this dilapidated engine, the shutter clicks. Your fingers run across my *chest* as we enjoy this pleasant *setting*, and as I *enter* the information I hope for a fortuitous *print out*. These words are in random order in a *vertical* column. The *diagonal brilliance* of the windmill filters through the *scene*, and there's a *farm* to the left, which is a *soothing* thought for a writer at his *keyboard*. Through the dense *brush* we spot what looks like a *promising* view, and the *effect* of our *determination* is to form a series of *poses*. I read this with *enjoyment*, as the *direction* of the wind becomes perceptible across this vast illuminated *expanse*.

*Friends.* Friends are photographed for future reference, and the *shape* of your breasts turns me on, as you take your *stance* in front of the windmill. I steady the *movement* of my hand, while the periphery of the lens is somewhat *opaque*. There's always that *arousal* of jealousy through comparison, a mere *abstraction*, I know. See if we can't get an *accumulation*, rather than a progression. I look kind of *relaxed* in this one, you can see it in the *eyes*.

At night we walk through the *shadows*, through a *series* of sensual episodes we conduct business with *laughter*. The water is *smooth*, and too small for a *boat*. These photographs become mere *repetition*, and the *night sky*, will it appear on the *film*? To enter is *pleasing*, after all, light is *projected* in space, and with the *magnitude* of the sky in the presence of our *will* to please, the *sunlight* warms the water by the edge of the shore. The *story* about the windmill continues with a nice *crisp profile*, as the *airplane* circles above. Nothing like a *good meal*, nothing like *leather*! Next to the barn is a pile of *hay*, and I'll never forget the *expression* on your face, while feeling that *closeness* in the heat, *expertise*, *sexual* implications. Notice the *manner* in which this is done, certainly not *unique*, merely a bit universal and *suggestive*, if *memory* serves one well.

The *windmill*, the windmill. The *power* generated by the *sun* charges the *mind* to renewed efforts, and it seems we are led in *circles*. More *flowers*, colorless, more *relations*, the *car* awaits by the side of the road. Can you feel the *power* of words? There in the *cool* shade by the rocks, the scene is set in *motion*, *snaps*, the *pleasure* of capturing and recording. Feel the *warmth* as we go *hunting* for these photographs. It's *worth* it! We'll say the *warmth* is caused by the breeze out of the *west*, and the *seeming pursuit* of this *female*, and the luck involved. The *scene*, the *depth*, the *rarity*.

Your *hair* is beautiful, *proof* and counterproof. My *goal* is to click the *shutter* with *accuracy*, and here in my room I imagine the *flavor*, no *motion*, another *daydream*. Keep *cool*, let the *horses* gallop across the field. Keep your *eyes* on the *materials* necessary for economic equilibrium, and let me get the buttons on your *shirt*. I don't want to lose my *wallet* as it falls on the bed, yet it seems to be going well. I can't forget your *face*, and we gotta be careful crossing the *fence*. Should have brought some *food*, the *delight* in hunger, and the *pleasing* smells. Nipples through your *blouse*, and with *perpetual* desire I judge the *angle*, while the flowers have bloomed in this *natural* setting. Can we face *acceptance*? Faces in the gray *clouds*, male and female, *saplings* are dotted statistically in the grass, while *love* is in the throes of *complexity*. The *field features external good*. Some kind of *glowing light*, sensory, with the distant barking of *dogs*. This *object* is fascinating, while the *number* of objects is innumerable, and the distance between the *windmill* and the camera is approximate. Your *figure* is natural, and *clear* in focus.

No *fantasy*, merely a *forest* of infinite mirrors, as I heft the camera up into *position*, and aim into the *silence*. I'm *caught* in the system, while this *trail* leads to a *juxtaposition* of *movement* and *vibrance*. The *quality* of *behavior*, the quantity of pleasure at our meeting, I hold your *body* against mine, your *breasts* against my chest. I notice the *texture* of these glossy prints as I *spread* them out on the imaginary floor, *generation* of subjects, the *negatives* are interesting in themselves. *Kissing* by the water, our *mechanisms* are functioning in a flowing staccato. The *object* is *illuminated* in the flash. *Trees*?

Back in *town life* is caught in a *frame*, the *reflection* of your face in the *water*. A *shadow* in the corner gives it away, demanding *attention*. Is it our *destiny* to be fooled? O valiant *knight*, *extension*, *action*. We're *swimming*, and bob to the *top* with a spurt, *arms* and legs *rolling* in a tangle, *mirrored* in the *prize* of your *intelligence*. No *distance* in *space*, touching *primary* yellow. The *narrative* is *entered* by the writer on impulse, we release *paranoia* to the winds. Sipping *wine* as I contemplate the *variations*, the *photographs* complete, *steady* flow of film. Feel skin upon skin, *reduction* to language, as the *birds* take flight. Little box with a *filter*, yellow disk. *Integrity*. The *wind* of *narration* ebbs in *quantity*, the *horses* and the *cinematic lovers*. The *farm* and the *windmill*.

## The Stag's Leap District

I cultivate my sensibility by ordering the Fettucine Carbonera for dinner, and a glass of the Richardson Merlot, and sense a lacuna, defined as a blank space in a manuscript, in which the absence of good food is finally filled in, like a paragraph that is finally written. I notice the young people spending their youth working here, and like a cubist painting in which the restaurant has become an ellipse of futuristic geometrical form, the wine lighting up my sensory perception, and reminding me of the finer, more noble moments in my life. The popularity of Richard Brautigan is an example of narrative finesse and poetry blended into an intellectual ferment, and I am here for a reading by his daughter Ianthe Brautigan, who will be reading from her autobiography at a bookstore in Santa Rosa.

The wine has an uncanny, light merlot fruit with enough velvety richness to make this dinner a memorable event, and by the power of verbal association I think of the youthful vocal styles of a particular rock singer, and the destiny of young musicians trying to find their style. I contemplate the supple complexity of the merlot grape, and the genius of the winemaking art with a subtle fascination, as I recall the young woman I met at a concert in Napa, the personality and elegance of the surreal beauty of the evening. Her friend is a young woman with long flowing blond hair with the innate characteristics of a rock fan, as the city streets are spangled in the light of the summer night, the tall sculpture of wood becomes the triumph of the avant garde. The strata of consciousness is a product of a priori reasoning, and we assume the final completion of the book from the moment the idea occurs, from the moment we can intuit, or taste the sensory heightened perception of a good quality wine.

I have decided to reinvent myself, and as I consider the selective breeding that goes into my own conscious decisions, I choose how I would like to evolve, and who I would like to be with. The genetic makeup of the individual is passed on, from one generation to the next, like the original clones of the grape varietals. I'm on my way to visit the Luna Winery on the Silverado Trail, just south of the Stags Leap District of Napa Valley, having been impressed with the quality of their Sangiovese, an Italian grape varietal grown successfully in California. Earlier as I drive across the Golden Gate Bridge I look out across the bay, and I'm glad to be headed north through Marin where I notice that Mickey Hart will be playing at the Marin Center. I am thinking about when I visited Novato in the early 70s, and I'm trying to recall what road I took to get to the house where we were staying at the time. I'm listening to the Grateful Dead, as I take the road to Sonoma where I am planning on visiting Ravenswood Vineyards, and getting dinner. As I drive past the Roche Vineyards I stop for some wine tasting at this, the first vineyard of the Carneros District. The wine is excellent, and reminds me of the contemporary French novelist Maurice Roche, who is known for his typographic Postmodern fiction, a writer I published in my literary journal *Innovations*.

I drive on to Sonoma, through the square, and up the road to Ravenswood Vineyards, where I sample the Merlot. I am limiting myself to one varietal per vineyard, a one ounce taste, so that I won't have to worry about drinking too much. I find that the quality is excellent, and as fan of Ravenswood over the years it's fun to be able to finally visit the vineyard.

Back in town I notice that a new version of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is playing at the local theater, so I taste some more wine, and shop till movie time. The Viansa Cabernet Sauvignon is excellent, and they even have a Nebbiolo varietal from Italy, grown here, and giving California a little more Italian culture. One of my favorites is the Haywood "Los Chamizal" Zinfandel, and their tasting room is on the corner of the square. Their winemaking style is most excellent, with precise and clear varietal characteristics, something I consider to be the "new style" of wines of the millennium. The young women walking on the sidewalk veer into a store.

The movie is a modern version of Shakespeare, and at first I think the actors and actresses are rehearsing the play, but it continues on with the characters reciting the play as they walk along the sidewalk of a modern 21st century city. Ethan Hawke is outstanding as Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, and although this version is somewhat humorless, and self-consciously tragic, the tragedy is that conditions in this modern city are a little bit harsh. The suicide of Ophelia is a result of this, and the dramatic scene on the rooftop when Hamlet is fencing demon

strates the theme of this modern version: better to die, than to live through these harsh conditions.

As I walk out of the theater I think this was an awesome film, because it showed *Hamlet*, as played by Ethan Hawke, at his best. I am writing in my notebook at a small restaurant, where I notice a group of people enthusiastically opening a bottle of the Alexander Valley Vineyards Merlot, one of my favorites.

In the morning I get some hot cider at Starbucks in Napa, and await the opening of the vineyards, where today I will start with the William Hill Vineyards, just up the hill from the Silverado Trail on a hilltop overlooking Napa Valley. After reading some of Ronald Sukenick's *Mosaic Man*, a novel about modern Israel, and the fate of the Jewish people, I head for Napa Valley. At William Hill I take some photographs of the Cabernet Sauvignon, and the Merlot. I've always been a big fan of their vineyard, ever since the 1978, 1979 and 1980 vintages, which shows a continuity of style over the years, where one can always expect that rich, noble suppleness that makes their Cabernet and Merlot the best wines for the money. My friend Eugene is a wine connoisseur, and introduced me to the idea of wine as something to be appreciated for its intellectual nuances, its subtle shades of complexity, its conversational finesse. I pick up a bottle of their Cabernet Sauvignon Reserve, and the Chardonnay as a member of the club, and as I drive down the hill to Luna Vineyards I am feeling content knowing that the day is almost complete, and I'm just starting out.

Luna is the new discovery, and the tasting room is classic, where I taste the much anticipated Merlot. I take a tour of the vineyard, and learn that they call themselves "lunatics" for replanting the Chardonnay with Pinot Grigio grapes from northern Italy. The quality is so good, that their ideas, rather than seeming "lunatic," are a success, particularly the Sangiovese which is very fine, with expansive varietal characteristics.

After this I get back on the Silverado Trail, and head up to Stags Leap Wine Cellars, where I take a photograph of the tasting room. The Merlot is incredible, very intense and complex, and has an immediate appeal. The Cabernet Sauvignon is also amazing, and reminds me of their 1979 vintage when I first discovered this vineyard, and the tradition of a rich, herbaceous style Cabernet Sauvignon has continued past the turn of the century. I recall the Petite Syrah from my previous visit, with its rich earthy aroma. This has always been one of the most outstanding vineyards of Napa Valley, and their wines are truly a memorable experience to the cultivated palette.

Back on the Silverado Trail, I am hoping to visit the Robert Mondavi Vineyard before I finish for the day. I see a sign for Grgich Hills Vineyard, and stop for another one ounce taste. The Cabernet Sauvignon is excellent, very lively with a nice fruit, another excellent example of winemaking skill.

At the Robert Mondavi Vineyards, a giant building that reminds me of a college campus, I head for the tasting room to try the Merlot. It's a rich, well balanced Merlot that makes Robert Mondavi an industry leader. I recall the 1979 and 1980 Cabernet Sauvignon when it became clear that the Robert Mondavi Vineyards were the standard by which we acknowledged a particular vintage. The Merlot is a step towards greatness, and I finish up the day in a philosophical mood, as I sip this wine in the sunlight.

On the previous visit to Napa Valley I visited a cafe in Yountville to get some breakfast, and in the parking lot there were some hot air balloons for wine tasting above Napa Valley. As I watch the hot air balloons inflating in the wind I realize what a thrill it would be to fly above Napa Valley this morning. After breakfast I drive up to Chapellet to see what the vineyard looks like, and I find a lake in the mountains where I meditate on a bench, the water reflecting the mountains that rise up to the east of Napa Valley.

I drive up to Calistoga, but before I get there I notice a road going up the hillside, which according to the map goes to Diamond Creek Vineyards, a place I would like to visit since the CD *Wines of the World* features a photograph of the hilltop vineyard. After driving up the winding road I park, and hike along a trail towards a building at the top of the hill. It's as beautiful as the photograph, and I speak with Al Braunstein, an older gentleman, who asks if I drink his wines. I say I would like to taste them, and he says that unfortunately they have no tasting room there.

Onwards to Storybook Mountain Vineyards in Calistoga, which is closed, with a gate before it. I recall the Storybook Mountain Zinfandel that I bought years ago, the 1984 vintage, with its smooth, expansive Napa Valley style Zinfandel characteristics. Having just tried the recent vintage of their Zinfandel, a varietal for which they are known, I drive on to Alexander Valley where I will be looking for Jordan Vineyards.



## Verbal Construction

*Pronoun verb clause preposition...* the sun has already risen above the line of trees... *preposition proper noun two words capitalized. Verb clause of being...* memory... she's sitting on the couch wrapped up in a blanket, and it takes a while to know what to expect from her. *Article adverb conjunction pronoun verb adverb. A paragraph beginning with an adjective noun proper noun...* I think S. is beautiful with her dark hair, and magnetic physical presence, drawing our eyes together, then darting away. *Subjective pronoun I think verb clause...* she lays her head down on his lap. "I'm a push over," she says.

*Infinitive personal pronoun noun conjunction interjection adverb article noun of action...* climbing up the trail, climbing up to the top of the wooded hill, and the far distant horizon. *Verb of being adverb. Interrogative verb pronoun verb adjective...* here I am walking along with my hand on the letter. I thought if Persona ever wrote me a letter... when I get to the top of the hill I begin reading the letter. *A verbal construction of morphemes and phonemes,* and the trail has led through this semantic forest, but I keep looking to the horizon. Two short pages with designs, a feminine letter.

Her voice on the telephone is sweet as the aroma of silver oak trees growing up the side of the mountain. "I'll probably be done by four or five," is what I say. I'll call her back, dinner at her house, ham. *Preposition article adjective noun metaphor preposition?* So back to the garage to work on the brakes. I replace the brakeline, but have trouble with the final fitting. I reassemble the brake shoes, but have trouble with the final spring.

The entire verbal construction is apparent in this skeleton framework, except for one aspect of the prose which is intentionally omitted. So we drive into town for the movie, and it starts at 8:15, so that gives us an hour to hang around town. I sit in the car, and watch her come out of the health food store.

The film begins, and we're sitting next to the wall. I'm not holding Persona's hand, and I pretend she isn't there. The film is called *Reds* with Warren Beatty and Robert Redford, and it's a good movie to my surprise, a semi-documentary including a scene with Henry Miller. After the movie we're drinking tea at Denny's, and although she doesn't want to admit it, I realize she wants to live an ideal life.

First it was the Pub. We spent hours playing the jukebox. As I recall, I ordered some coffee. The place has people sitting in small circles. There are a few women sitting with a few characters here and there. We are bored, and when I walk back to play the jukebox I recognize Luna.

"Didn't I meet you that one night at the Pub?" I ask.

"Yeah," she says.

Here she is again. We walk over to the bookstore, which doesn't have any of the books I am looking for, but she finds a book she wants. Before I leave I check out the computer printout. Back in the car we head for the movie, winding through the darkened streets.

We are sitting at the bar reading the newspaper. She turns to the style section, and I turn to the entertainment section. I ask her if she wants to see a movie. After seeing a movie with another friend, I realize the potential of a good movie. She says, No she has a boyfriend. She also says she has a little kid. I tell her I have a girlfriend. "Good behavior," Luna says.

This strikes me as being a mismatch. I wonder if it is, or let's say sometimes I wonder. She is a cute girl, and so is her friend. They're both tall dark haired beauties. They both have the same name. Luna. Why is this so? So I stand up, and they say, "It's time to go."

Tapping the wheel cylinders at the screws, I remember running a small drill through there perfectly. It was perfect. Then the brake fluid came through, a beautiful sight. I replace the brakeline, drill and tap two bleeder screws, reassemble the brake shoes, replace the master cylinder, take apart the pressure differential valve, and

bleed it, take apart the disk brakes, reassemble them with new brake shoes.

“I had this ‘67 Chevy that I drove out west. Bought it for \$150, and drove it out west without a hitch. I remember adjusting the mixture up in the Rockies. I stepped out of the car into a ten foot snow drift, and sunk in to my waist.”

“Did you make it out west?” my friend Mystic asks.

“Yes. I made it all the way out, but then the drive shaft went in the mountains. I remember trying to hitch a ride with a six foot drive shaft over my shoulder.”

On the road again ... I’m driving through a snow storm in Michigan, visibility about twenty feet, showers of flakes curving into the windshield. Through town, along the winding roads and hills, I can’t even see the dividing line. I can’t even see the tire tracks, or the edge of the road. This is not pleasant. What a way to go! A car in the ditch is smashed into a sign, and a truck turned sideways on the incline. I stop and get out, and I see that it’s an old man in the truck. “Try to get that car out,” he says. Two kids with long hair appear. “No problem,” they say, optimistic youth, and we put the chain to the car in the ditch, and get that fucker out. I hop back in my car, and try and make it up the hill which is slick ice, and I’m up over the hill.

The illusion is optical in some ways. In conception. In the conception of the act of writing, the result of its being written. The illusion runs through several phases, but it’s an illusion that is tied up with ego. From some perspective it’s just everyday reality, and from others it changes into more meaningful forms, at least in an emotional sense, and I can see through the logic that has kept my heart in check. Talk about acceleration, the story unfolds quicker than its composition.

Why is it that whenever I appear on the scene, surely a fictitious character myself, that things begin to happen. My friends Digital and Lollipop are going to get married. So much for my introduction to the scene. They decide to get married, and it’s not the first time something like this has happened.

Luna’s sitting in a booth in the back with her friend, and looking good as usual. And then to top it all off there’s another friend, with a girl that looks like her sister. She’s facing me, and I’m with Laurel. This is too much, but of course I don’t realize it at the moment. After all it’s four in the morning, and I’m exhausted. All I care about is Laurel. She’s talking a mile a minute, and now she has become more serious. She has a serious decision to make. Is she going to go home with me tonight?

So we leave the Pub, and head over to the restaurant through the darkness. After this I am trying to regain a positive frame of mind, and I recall turning up the tape deck to a suitably euphoric level. What is it about music that has this effect upon the emotions? I’ll never know.

We hit it off just like that, one of those incredible things that happen, and I still find it hard to believe. Here she was writing out her number after the conversation. Life goes on. I ask her if she wants to go ice skating. She tells me that she’s a model, and I think she’s cute, and she’s running around getting drinks, and flirting with everyone. Before I leave we set the date, and as my friend Mystic and I drive through the night, thoughts of California and summer.

Lets say I’m bummed out. It’s hard breaking up, and this time I knew it had to be quick before we start making each other more miserable than we already were. It took a half hour on the phone to break up, and I took all the blame. I wanted her to feel better, and maybe realize that a big part of it was her. A change, a new start, then falling back into the old pattern, but this time with experience to back it up. I should be elated, but I’m not, and I feel like there’s something missing.

Equations. Difference. Sets of events distinguished by the fact of a certain linking element, either thematic or having to do with the sender/receiver function of communication. These sets add up to certain emotional or



psychological sets, as the psychologists now say. What comprises a model set? Jealousy.

“Why do you always talk about your former boyfriend?” I ask.

“How can I avoid it? You know I spent so much time with him,” she replies.

“True, but you don’t always have to say we did this, we did that,” I say.

“The sun is shining, and it’s a beautiful day. What’s wrong?” I ask Persona, but you cannot say. In your case you get cold and shiver.

“Drink some hot tea,” I say.

“There’s no nutrition in it,” you say.

“But it will warm you up,” I say.

“I don’t want to drink hot tea,” you say.

“Put on a sweater,” I say.

“I already have one on,” you say.

“Put on two sweaters,” I say.

“O.K. hold on,” you say.

“Hello?” I say.

“Yeah,” you say.

“I’m wearing two sweaters, and I have a blanket over my shoulders,” you say.

“Are you still cold?” I say.

“Yes,” you say. “I’m freezing,” you say.

School bums me out, and I don’t know why, perhaps it’s the curriculum. I’m spending too much time on irrelevant classes. I would rather attend a free school where the students can chose the books they would like to read, and still get credit. Back to your narrator.

Thanks! You’ve been a great help, and besides school is not the question is it? I mean what does school have to do with this story?

Walking down the beach with Persona. The lake is calm and smooth as a piece of glass, a mirror with our reflections, and when I tell her she laughs. This is not an ideal world, unless you think it is. It’s a boost for her ego I know. She loves the idea of all these guys after her at once, and I can’t blame her. It’s no fun being alone. A reflection in the window, two empty coffee cups.

At the party I’m supposed to sing, but we can’t decide on anything to play. I’ve been rehearsing some songs, but I have difficulty achieving the sound I am used to. I talk to Chimera, she’s nice, and about the only one here with a head on her shoulders. This is the young woman who plays the piano in the style of Keith Emerson, as you might recall. She’s living with Rockman, the guitar player, and these are people I have known for years. The original circle of friends from high school. I leave early, and I am on the road as the New Year appears.

Here we are in the heart of the heart of the country. The band called Space Tea runs through their new song. Good vocals, bass, excellent guitar with wawa, simple leads with dramatic shifts from speaker to speaker, and final chorus with backup vocals. Excellent! Believe me, excellent! The xylophone is an interesting instrument. It rings and rings, and fills the studio with beautiful vibes.

We’re sitting on the couch downstairs watching t.v. Me and my new friend Luna. After awhile we lay down on the couch, and pretty soon we’re kissing. We’re really turned on to each other, and she’s got the blanket over her, while we’re snuggling up.

“Wanna go upstairs, and listen to the stereo?” I ask.

“Sure,” she says.

We get naked and lay on the bed, and she wants to hear some music. We don't even notice the music, since we're involved in this conversation, and she's telling me about all the people she knows, all the famous people. I can see why she's a model, an unbelievable body, we talk for quite a while leaning back in bed, and I'm very sensitive to the issues, since it's kind of a statement of self, or of ego, or of the ideal self. I'm used to it, since there are times when I speculate on this level, and she likes the celebrities who are down to earth. I appreciate this modesty, since this is what she's saying about herself, and I even relate it to some of my adventures in California, land of the stars.

So we are laying in bed having a very sophisticated conversation about the glamorous future. I lay back on the pillow against the wall, and look at her full in the face, while she has the covers pulled up, and the conversation is fantastic. Luna is very interesting. She's young and optimistic, and I look at her hair, it's long and beautiful, a little mussed up. Then we make love, and it is incredible. I lean forward, and she turns her head back, her long hair slung to the side, and that kiss will always live on.

It goes on forever, we're still together. There's happiness that lives on, but a very delicate situation, very fragile, and I think we are very close emotionally.

Once I get to town I'm driving along looking for the address. The people start arriving, and pretty soon the whole apartment is filled, as I give up my seat to a couple who walk into the room. They're outrageously dressed, the girl's wearing tights, and she talks a mile a minute. A young woman here is beautiful, just my type, and we realize this at once. It throws her off guard, me too. Gotta be careful! She is dressed to perfection in my eyes. I like this, but there's a whole crowd coming in.

She comes by, and asks me if I want some more coffee. She's real sweet. I like her vibes. Sensitive, as if she is thinking about something in the back of her mind. What?

I am hiking along a country road. What a pleasure to be able to walk! Breathing is also nice, and I am reminded of years ago. Everything is turning blue, as the sunlight is getting soaked in the blue light, and it feels good, while the outlines are sharper, and the mind is set in motion. Why does the color blue have such an effect on the mind? This is an optical illusion built out of words, words that run through my mind, words on the page before me, as words spoken by people keep coming back.

I just saw one of my teachers on a television talk show, where he's promoting the teaching of writing, interesting, a noble cause. After all we're creating an artifice, which resembles reality.

Time for a new paragraph.

So I'm sitting at the table thinking about what to do next. You get a little sentimental when you're miles from anywhere, and time has passed. That was one of the most romantic phases of my life. Independence, and also the breaking away from my girlfriend. A year and a half of living together, working and going to school, and hanging out at the local tavern. Those were the days.

So then I find the address, and park nearby. There's a five dollar cover, and there's a band playing, although I don't recognize anybody here. They're all dancing around, and it's a new place. That's what Niagara said, so I just hang out, and watch the people, just waiting for Destroy All Monsters to come on, and keeping an eye out for Niagara. I go to get a drink, and there's some people hanging out in the lobby. How do I feel? Happy to be in on the action. What do I hear? Conversations, compliments, simple questions, and long guitar chords. The building is vibrating.

"How's it going?" I say.

"My camera won't work," she says.

"What's wrong with it?" I ask.

"This thing won't turn. It won't advance," she says.

"Let me try," I offer. I work on it patiently, pushing the lever gently back and forth about twenty times. Even-

tually it starts to work.

“Here you go,” I say.

“Thanks,” she says. “My name is Flower.”

“And mine is Daydream,” I say.

After the camera begins to work we start a good conversation. There is a friend of hers sitting with us, and numerous literary characters walking around. Sometimes these concerts are interesting! Later we went out on the dance floor, and I had my arm around Flower.

Destroy All Monsters came out, and played a set. The photographer and I were holding each other, and after the set we went into the dressing room, where we said hello to Niagara who had invited me to the show.

My friend Darjeeling is on the telephone. It’s good to hear from him with that charming Southern accent. Yeah! Not only time, but space! Not only months, but geography! I’m tired tonight, and it’s been a long day, seven hours at school, architecture, square blocks sitting on the hill, that long incline that leads to the library, the ascension into graphic signs, that walk past the thousand semi-anonymous students trudging through the weather.

And my pretty friend Fox is trying to quit smoking. That’s why she’s chain smoking in the lounge downstairs, where the whipped hot chocolate is 30 cents. How many guys came by for a light? She went through the pages there on the formica table, foreign students speaking strange languages in the background. The scholastic facade, pages in silence, and me with an open math book. She’s so beautiful it hardly registers, with a face that I’m still trying to fathom.

I love your fingers! I’m walking through the modern building, and there are many people walking along, or waiting in front of open doors. I have a class, and there are a lot of faces, and many of them are familiar. There seems to be a certain kind of face, with a certain kind of expression, kind of a bored expression. Everyone is waiting. The view from the window is spectacular, long distance clarity in the afternoon light, the motion of figures walking, square buildings, I am reminded of something.

I’m sitting on the bench reading the newspaper, and a girl comes up, and sits down. She’s wearing a full length leather coat, and her hair is beautiful. After a while we’re talking about high school friends, and I’m telling her this story about some high school friends I saw last night. The story goes like this, we’re all packed in the front seat of my car, the three of us, driving down the backroads late at night, when I hit a series of potholes, and my exhaust system falls apart. Laying in the mud and slush with my good clothes on, I hook it back in place.

New acoustics here, slanted roof, and good thick carpet. It’s late and I’m tired, my muscles are sore from moving all my stuff out here, but now there’s a break, a snag in the flow, an opening onto the sloping hills of this new area. From the kitchen window the trees are running down the hillside, and I could be skiing downhill between the tree trunks. In summer it would be a walk up the hill, hand in hand, to a secluded spot to make love. That’s why we’re here!

Angel had to go bake the cake. I bet it was a good birthday. What kind of impression was made, and passed on through the week? Is it heavy? Is it too light? Does it lift into the air? The sunshine pulls it up. The phrasing, the cadence, showers of signifiers. And this time laying on the couch and watching t.v.

“I like the way you kiss. So you’re a French girl?” I ask.

“Time to go,” you say.

“It’s getting late,” I agree.

It’s time to create a whirl out of the design curvatures, for the interior, and it’s all made this sphere that you toss around. I wouldn’t know, but you tell it all! Thinking in terms of motion.

The skies are clear and black, the half moon is always shifting over the hillside, occasional stars and planets, colored and large, with a good view of the roadside forest. I almost feel like I can't fall in love again. It's too soon! There's a tree next to my desk, a beautiful tree that I'm trying to revive, and next to the tree is a visual object, something that was meant to be visual, a detail of a larger calligraphic impressionistic script. I'm trying to recall the terminology. Bring it to life! Sensual.

I walk in, and the room is full of people, and I hadn't expected anyone to be here. It's been a few months since I've seen my friend Frankenstein. We get along pretty well. There's a collage on the wall that we refer to, as they run through the caricatures of the country folk that come to the flea market. The big attraction is popcorn, everyone walks out the door with a large bag of popcorn in their arms. The guys come in with big boots out of the fields, as he does the imitation.

But the story has come and gone. It hasn't been told yet, but you already know the ending. I'm not sure if there is a story to be told any more, to be told with feeling, to be told the way it happened. We've passed the climax, the denouement, and now it's a question of reading the waves from the other side of the pond, and I'm certain that you have already sensed this.

In front of the orchard there's a few trees, and it's late at night, while we're gathered around the table eating goat's cheese, and talking about cave men. Signification? But then what do you picture when you encounter these grammatical and verbal constructions? Do you see the words, and think that they refer to themselves?

The narrator has gone. He's heading down the road at this moment in a car that he describes in this narrative, or maybe sitting by the fire. Meanwhile the story tells itself, it has a mind of its own, while the typewriter clicks away like a player piano. Sentences dart across the page free of any outside influence. Where they come from he does not know. We keep a shed full of phrases out back, but they're always busting loose. She doesn't know where they come from either.

Luna sits on the couch with a pronoun nearby, and an essay, an optical illusion. Way back when, only yesterday. And I'm beginning to wonder what's going on here, it seems that the direction has gone from outward to in, the direction of this circular route leads back to myself. Nostalgia. Words, postcards, letters of the feminine gender. It's a new beginning. Luna's taking a bath, and I'm in the bedroom putting on a record, some more peaceful music. A very peaceful day.

### Life as an Indian

*This evening I taught my friend Eugene self hypnosis. I started out by playing the guided imagery tape, and then I asked him if he would like to try it. He said he would, and I had him run through deep breathing, relaxation and spiritual protection.*

*Q. Where are you? Look around, and tell me what you see. Look down at your feet, and tell me what you are wearing on your feet?*

*A. Barefoot.*

*Q. Where are you?*

*A. I'm on the beach ... looking out to sea ... in Oregon on the coast.*

*Q. Now go forward to the next important event in your life.*

*A. We're having a pow wow.*

*Q. Who's there?*

*A. The two tribes. We're exchanging gifts, and telling tales.*

*Q. How old are you?*

A. Ten.

*Q. Is your family there?*

A. Yes.

*Q. Now go forward to the next important event.*

A. We're hunting for deer. Food is short, and I can't get a deer.

*Q. Who are you with?*

A. The tribe.

*Q. Now go forward to the next important event.*

A. I'm getting married.

*Q. That's wonderful. Can you tell me what she looks like?*

A. She's thin, but with big brown eyes.

*Q. Are you happy?*

A. Yes, very happy.

*Q. How is your married life?*

A. It's very good, but there are no children. Noone to share with.

*Q. Now go forward to the next important event in your lifetime.*

A. I'm old and my vision is going. I can't see distances. I make arrowheads.

*Q. Now I will ask your higher self what was the meaning of this lifetime?*

A. To bring peace to the people, and the spirits.

When I counted my friend up he seemed surprised at the experience. He could recall each of the events, and seemed to have been in a deep trance. I congratulated him on being a good hypnotic subject.

### This Page Signifying Dreams

I find the work of these writers to be like a vague impression drifting across the waters of the lake this morning, through the bright golden lighting from above, shimmering surface of sparkles and light. Sunlight, glass, the light brightening the whiteness of the page of sands curving forms, hills rising over this area blues, whites and wildflowers, and then a glimpse into the distance, a feeling, a smell on the breeze of where, how you might feel, the morning papers over herbal tea, and grains, oatmeal, toast, this construction of words, thoughts etched and chiseled into this page signifying dreams, words, wishes, glimmerings, enlaced into the soft scents of your hair. The sunlight forming a diagonal line through the space of the page here, this book aligned perfectly, and here's the title sketched in across the top of the page, this visionary device for envisioning all that is contained within the pages of a book. Actually you know this book is a lens that focuses the sunlight into clear forms and colors, rainbow spectral hues, by holding it up to the light, cityscapes sketched in across the sand, plates of glass superimposed, many versions, yes I see something here, it appears to be a young woman taking a shower as the music flows from the speakers like soap suds, circular bubble forms, massaging gently into her skin the floral essence of flower petals. This morning the sky is clear and blue, and as I leave the cafe I feel clear and blue, and content, and somewhat blissful as the sky above, and once in the car I put on a cassette, which is a collage of sound forms that create a verbal texture within the vibratory complex of the vehicle, as I drive through the village this bright morning, my yawning consciousness becoming gradually more harmonic congruence with the availability of good vibes, and poetic verse of a thoughtful nature. As I listen to the tape all of the good people of the environs are happy, and all of the birds begin to sing, and as the birds sing they sound a lot like the poetry, and when the people of the town speak to one another, they speak in a verbal and poetic language which is reminiscent of this poetry, and as I speak to myself I find that I am sounding much like this poetry myself, so I ponder this for awhile, and I begin to laugh, and so it's off to the nature trails this morning, because I am pondering some theoretical questions on the nature of this narrative, and its referential oblique constancy. Fortunately I have a copy of a book which discusses such relevant issues in an intelligent and informed manner, such



that the narrative becomes clarified, and fades into this landscape here of language, and the line of consecutive signs in the polyvalent dimensionality of the perceptible presence of rolling curves, tree lined road shaped linear formations of moments, this now, and turning here towards the lake, considering the theory of the referent, and the self contained world within the novel, and I think of this distancing, and I think of the independence of this verbal threshold, and it seems to explain the nature of this abstract idea, and I think that what I am interested in is the signified, the concept that these signs are suggesting, and how it is that one might achieve a clear communication, much like a massage where one can feel the smooth touch of hands running across the surface of the novel, gently flowing energies soothing the muscles, relaxing and becoming at one with the idea, as the trees form a tapestry above the surface, drifting off towards the threshold of dreams.

Drifting along this morning I listen to the sounds of the waves, and when I open my eyes the sunlight bright colored areas, much like the palette itself, are splashing across the sand here, and I'm still getting ready to wake up today, the sun is out, it's daytime, and I feel so relaxed with this fragrance on the breeze, and this warm angular light is illuminating the surface of this book that is situated on the blanket here, the poetry is an enjoyable way to wake up, and there are some children playing near the beach, and there's a cute little girl drinking something from a cup with a straw, and I think this is going to be a good day, and as I am reading this book of poetry the sun is warming the beach, a few clouds drifting across the sky and ocean, and I am thinking of the past, and this thought always puts me in a good mood here, the sun rising over the mountains, and this book of poetry is beautifully evocative of abstract dimensionalities of suggestive variations upon a theme of erotic forms evoked, but suggestive of nebulous light warming the sand as a young woman is wading through the water here, still cool this morning, and she reminds me of a friend, but as she wades through the waves with her own individuality, her own sensual figure, I feel some good emotions coming in on the breeze, some good thoughts formulating in my mind, and it's at this point that I am beginning to see the possibilities of the situation, that as I think about you I realize what these poetic words themselves by the water are hinting at, what lies beyond the words themselves, the waters of the ocean at the edge of the page, undulating and sparkling in the light as the young girl with the straw sucks out the last drops of her drink with a gurgling noise, so good this morning, this suggestive yearning for a perfection of language, always this yearning unresolved, this thread of meaning obscured in the waves parallel to the weaving of colorful strands stretched taut in a blissful tension rising in flight, the birds above to the ascent, this poetry of thoughtful lines of verse this morning, and I think of you here in the sun as this beautiful young woman, violet and white swimsuit against the pale soft tones, waters, ivory and sand, I see a world of possibility now, this vision, and I am thinking about the sound of your voice, and possibly dinner, this glimmering with its golden halo of light, camping under the stars with a book of poetry there up in the hills, this summer hopefully, and the sound of your voice as we sit by the fire, and look up to the stars, sparkling jewels of poetry, the summer constellations.

Hiking along the shoreline this morning, cool clear water and reflected surfaces mirroring sky, clouds, sand and thought, I feel the warmth of the sunlight, this mindless bliss clear opening onto hills of sand, curving into the seasons, the cycle of history, or erosion, elemental sculpting of rock and sand, windswept, formed by the motions of snow and rain, geological. Equinox in procession which brings to mind a book of poetry, this vast area of gallery space and land, lighted and monumental in scope and measure, limitless grains of sand composing this interplay, still finite in texture, smooth and laid back at rest in evolution, becoming a mound of sand here, and there a coyote looking out over the hills, some birds, a butterfly trembling in the breeze, and the trail leading up over the sky, the permutational structure of mineral crystals, and ecstatic on the hillsides, as I hike along the shoreline, as I hike along the beach here, the gallery walls and pebbles, this paradise of mind, this language eden of lovers, stroked across the surface of the earth dripping wet and glistening with haloed angelic water trickling through the earth, the smooth touch of sky upon tree, pleasures of colorful sunsets radiant canvas, this heaven, this deep satisfaction, this free construction of linear elements as the motions of time unfold, and the sands undulating rhythms, the curve of breast swaying, the branches of the trees shimmering in the warm light this evening of transfiguration, coming to the top of the hill, forest of redwoods, an aromatic sigh of bliss, kiss and abyss, and then sitting by the fire, woodsmoke and starlight, gatherings, island, clusters of light, crystal



line and mobile diacritical conceptualizations, formulating thoughts flowering vines, contemplating the concepts of good and evil, the beauty of the future, the apple of my eye.

The sun is set out over the islands hovering at the edge of the horizon so bright and gold this evening, the mood is quiet, calm, peaceful, and something is in the air, a feeling, a mood, a certain color glowing on the canvas, some deep currents, blue light lines, and some curving reds to gold, and the space of the page flowing with liquid colors, the ocean trembling in a blue aquamarine reflecting sunlight golden fusion lines of light off to the side here, this ridge and the ocean, the faded wood sundrenched weathering timeless, the heartbeat rhythmic waters flowing sunset sinking dripping colors mirroring sky, heart, colorations, red forms, shadows, surf, waters falling over the edge, violet waters flowing, loving waters lifting, forming reflections deep into the waters, deep within melting into, flowing over the edge of the waterfall, sending a spray up into the air, faint scent of misty waters, spring flowers swirling in the river, rolling and tumbling through the river, this calm and peaceful evening strolling by the pier, sunset colors deep relaxation, feeling, sensing, thinking, subtle emotions, thoughts, memories flowing out, wooden planks windows mirroring reflections, surfaces dripping with paint textured, a thin film of moisture glistening this evening, this day, this page before. Well we finally made it! Wondering how long it would take, lightness boards running back, and across the hull of the boat, the ropes across the wooden frame near the wall in the sunlight, at a slight angle, to the side, heaving in the water near silence, near you, hands running across the smooth wood, varnished whirlpools swirling in the river, light reflecting off the surface of the glass prismatic crystalline. Gulls circling above this surface, this curved line running across the horizon of dusk, and we move along the sloping lines, the planes at an angle. The sun has set, and we walk back to the car, engine started, warm in the evening breeze, driving along as I ponder the words of the poet, words flowing through the mind, thoughts, and designs. Pondering this riddle, this question of sunsets and waterfalls, this incredible feeling that flows like language through the quiet places of my mind. Your words, your thoughts, your touch, driving along this evening, once again tourists, travellers, soaking in the countryside. The sway of the pine trees and tall grass, memories in the flowing of ink across the page.

### The Healer

*I ask my friend Chai if she would like to try self-hypnosis, and she is interested. We listen to the tape, and then I teach her a relaxation technique, deep breathing, and spiritual protection.*

*Q. What do you see? Where are you?*

*A. I'm in the mountains looking at a temple. I'm wondering how I can get over to this temple.*

*Q. Can you walk there?*

*A. It's beautiful. Made of stone, and there's a man in a brown robe who is approaching. He's bald.*

*Q. Do you recognize him?*

*A. He's a friend, and I'm following him down a hallway. He's taking me to a room. Inside the room there's controls.*

*Q. What are these controls for?*

*A. These controls are for myself. (laughter)*

*Q. What do you want to do with these controls?*

*A. I'm just left in this room.*

*Q. When is this happening?*

*A. You're not going to believe this, but I would say 30,000 years ago.*

*Q. What is your purpose here?*

*A. I'm a healer in the temple.*

*Q. Let's move forward to the next most important event in your life.*

- A. We're in a large room, and people are gathering there.
- Q. Do you recognize anyone?*
- A. No I don't. These are my friends though. Oh! There's been an explosion!
- Q. Are you OK ?*
- A. I don't know. I'm so surprised. I'm looking for my friends. I feel cold, and I'd like to get up.
- Q. Do you want to continue here?*
- A. There's been an explosion, and part of the building has collapsed. I can't find my friends.
- Q. Are you in spirit?*
- A. I'm laying on the floor, and there's a large piece of stone which has fallen on my chest. I can't breathe, and I feel trapped.
- Q. Can you free yourself?*
- A. It feels as if we are responsible, as if we did something wrong. There's a group which is trying to blame us for this.
- Q. You shouldn't blame yourself for this.*
- A. O.K.
- Q. What was the lesson to be learned from this experience?*
- A. Lesson? Well it had to do with healing, although I'm not sure what else.

### Chanting in the Temple

I picture us in the temple with the sound of male and female voices chanting in a sombre, but melodic way, echoing beautifully. A perfect polarity of male and female voices harmonizing, and ringing clearly within the resonant acoustics of the temple walls. It is somewhat dark within this chamber, the fading light of sunset bringing out shadowy blue and violet hues. I find it difficult to identify the standing figures at first, a young woman chanting in a lovely sort of way. I am intrigued with the chanted words, which are a hymn to Amen and Mut.

We have balanced the male and female energies within, and I feel as if the door to ancient memories has been opened, and when I shut my eyes there is a bright golden light in the distance, with rays of light extending to where I am. When I follow the brilliant rays of light toward the distant source, I notice there is a figure wearing a robe, and as I approach this person seems familiar, and then I can see that it is a friend of mine, Dharma, smiling through his reddish beard. We are joined by a young woman, Adore, who lovingly takes me by the hand, as Flora appears to complete the foursome. Dharma points off in the distance towards a glimmering star, and we all gaze up at the sky for a moment in appreciation of the ephemeral starlight.

The sound of the chanting draws me back, and when I open my eyes I am filled with a joyous energy, and I glance at Adore who sings so sweetly this hymn to the gods, and as the invocation is drawing to a close, I join with her as she smiles in recognition of the experience we have shared. I take her hand, and we exit from the temple into the perfect warmth of the sunset, the golden rays of the sun above the horizon, splashing deep colors across the magnificence of the structures near the Nile.

"We found ourselves drawn up into the light of the spirit, and stood before a most holy one. We gazed towards a distant star that glitters in the sky like a diamond, a constellation we have viewed on many occasions," Dharma begins.

"I know it well!" I say.

"Look over the temple of Luxor, the first star of the evening," Adore says. The sky is gradually transforming into a deeper blue, and several stars are becoming visible.

"A good evening for viewing the heavens. Would you care to join us?" Flora says.

A gradual deepening of color, deep blue fading to black above the geometrical forms, our voices echoing through columns of stone. Premonitions of the future, it seems to me there is a woman I should know, as I think of the golden light, this sandy trail leading to the sky.

*Cubism: revealing geometrical qualities of an object by altering the perspective.*

*Each art movement has a view of the object.*

*Realism: sense qualities, generally syntagmatic (example, peasant, hut).*

*Like the holograph, using a two dimensional surface to convey a three dimensional image.*

*Surrealism: derealizing the object, all concrete objects, juxtaposed to transform reality.*

*Einstein: four dimensions.*

The long walk. I remember taking a long hike down the back roads near where I lived at the time, a small cabin in a resort park. Anyhow I walk back through the wooded canyon, through the redwoods, past the houses, down the winding road, till the road ends, and a dirt track continues. I'd heard you could ride a jeep down here, through to the next town.

So I keep on truckin. It is a beautiful day as usual, summer in California, and I am walking down this trail. To the right is the ridge that runs back to the highway, obscured by the trees.

Anyhow where to go from here?

We're out playing frisbee at the park, me and my girlfriend Angel. There's a few beers we have sitting on a picnic table, and we're both playing frisbee for the first time in a long time. I'm just relaxing, and trying to loosen up after a day of reading essays, and formulating opinions. The frisbee is flying, curving, and I make a running catch, and she's throwing better than I thought she would. I wish there were some more people around, some friends, but it seems lately there's not much of a group. I wonder if she feels the same way.

It's the first time at this park, just a short way from the apartment, and it's one of these new experiences. We'll probably be here again, we're just kinda breaking it in, like the sense of familiarity, the deja vu factor, or whatever you might wanna call it. I throw the frisbee here, as if it will be thrown again, by myself here, maybe this same place again soon.

She's lookin real good today, and I guess it's the way she's feeling, happy, contented, in good spirits, a beautiful day, some beer, and a new World Champion frisbee. The frisbee, or actually the throwing of the frisbee might not always form a parabola, that is, the trajectory of the disk. It catches the swells, and it's pretty windy here, and there's a few factors in the wrist action of throwing that I gotta perfect.

*Length, width, depth and time.*

*Since there is no fixed point, everything is viewed in terms of relations among objects.*

*Absolute. The speed of light.*

*Reality. A single object can be seen from all points, or at least a sphere surrounding it.*

*Montage. Instead of linear, sequential, verbal, rational and causal connections.*

*Space relational, metaphoric activity, apprehending the totality.*

Metaphor. All substitutions of a figurative word for a literal one.

I've just made another wild throw, she runs to the right a few feet, and scoops it up. She's smiling, and I feel momentarily inept at making the poor throw, and then she throws it again, and I catch it. A lot of short sequences, a lotta quick takes, and rather than a linear progression, it's a series of simultaneous takes.

I'm getting tired, and start walking towards the table, as we make a few more exchanges, and then head over to the picnic table. As we sip on our beers we joke a bit, but I'm really not in top form. I'm just taking in the perimeter of the park, there's a little league baseball diamond of small dimensions, with what appears to be a creek outlining left field, and swerving off to the right at an obtuse angle, and farther down to the right the cut lawn of green grass leads to the possibility of further areas of the park.

So here we are, see us, there goes the frisbee again, I wish there was a camera here set up between us, so that it could swivel back and forth, plus two other cameras, from each of our positions, so the audience, could appreciate the dynamics of the flying disk. But instead you sit here reading without seeing, well maybe in your mind's eye, well maybe that's just as good, if not better.

*Metonymy. Logically related by cause and effect. Example: a man keeps a good table.*

*Stream of consciousness.*

*Freud. Are dreams based on displacement and condensation, or on identification and symbolism?*

*Poetry: metaphor.*

*Prose: metonymy.*

*The wet streetlamps rustle all framed in clouds of blue eyes*  
*from The Vertebral Sphinx*  
*André Breton*

*It's like analyzing a dream.*

*The mind of the reader using his or her own semantic associations and linguistic models.*

But really, in the real world who cares about cameras, and photographic realism? Who says this is the age of the camera? What is the meaning of this nonsense? I'll just describe word for word, like in a pointillistic painting, using one word for each dot, or a sentence, or a paragraph if necessary. Who said one word is worth a million pictures?

Besides all I have to do is just think about it, and you will instantly know what I mean, magically, telepathically, you will get the same vision. I throw the frisbee.

*Archetypes, symbols and social attitudes.*

*Sign, signifier and signified.*

*Is this like Husserl's "essences?"*

*Implied author, disguised narrators.*

*The communication model.*

*The muse.*

*1976*

*Poetics. A broad subject.*

## A Writer's Journal

"Look over there behind those rocks," I say as a boy disappears over the rocks.

"Not to worry," she says.

"It's time for me to state my thesis," I say.

"I was wondering when you were going to get around to that," she responds.

"I've been debating what my thesis should be, and I've had a number of ideas walking along the beach, but now that I'm here with you I can only think of one thing to say," I begin.

"What's that?" she asks.

"Give me a kiss," I say as we kiss on the blanket.

A week of computer graphics in Birmingham. Fortunately I paced myself, so I still have enough energy to enjoy the weekend. Some Beaune Les Teurons tonight, and possibly a party, once again reminding me that my dinner date fell through. Maybe for the best.

Some better thoughts these days.

One thing that bothers me is the party line. You never know who is lurking behind the scenes, the good guys or the bad guys. Are the good guys pressured into a conspiracy, or is that too strong a word?

It's a sad state of affairs, whichever side you favor.

I'm still trying to recapture the good feelings that used to be a part of everyday life. True happiness is not something I've experienced for some time. That feeling of nonchalance evades me.

A fantastic weekend. Once again ending on an uncertain note. Why? The party went very well. It couldn't have gone better.

Maybe I am a perfectionist.

Talked to Chimera tonight, and it was a good conversation. I haven't talked to her in a while, and it was interesting to hear from her. We talked about auto racing, the Renaissance Fair, and the Art Fair, and I said if you ever need a friend, you have one here.

Love is what this is all about. I have a lot of material to work with here, lots of characters, lots of events, but what it's all about is love.

At times everything is synchronized to perfection, or beyond, almost like magic.

Talked to Chimera again last night, and had an amazing conversation. We talked about religion, and this con

versation really made sense, since we both have similar views on religion. In some ways I can say that it is her influence which helps me respect the church.

There were times in my life when I was really into the religious experience. I could see God's actions in everything around. She said we should be humble, since it's for God that we do things.

Starting to assemble the material for the novel, slowly, as it goes, moving along towards a completed outline.

In the beginning... today was an incredible day, working on the novel this afternoon and this evening. It suddenly occurred to me what this was all about, the essence of the story is love, the love between two people.

### Soul Memory

I am meditating in the rain up on the serpent mound, and I begin to perceive an ancient Greek building, and after thinking about it for awhile, and trying to perceive the image with more clarity, I try a deeper trance. I begin to imagine myself as a young man in ancient Greece, where I am beginning work on a book. I am standing before a lectern, and looking up at a beam of light which is descending like divine inspiration from above, and I want this book to be perfect.

An image of us in school at a place that seems warm and sunny, like California. This could be the future. The school is on top of a hill, and I look out on the southwest. She is beautiful, and it seems like high school, and I'm wearing tennis shoes. Later we are making love at her house.

This time I fall into an incredibly wonderful frame of mind. When I do so I suddenly start speaking to myself in a voice of wonder. Isn't this incredible? I feel as if the speed of my existence has been accelerated, and it's as if I am enveloped within a brilliant golden light. There is an image of a face, and I can perceive this beautiful woman's face by not looking directly at it. It's there in my field of vision. I recall the school, so I decide to go on to the next significant event, and I picture us by a pool of water, as my friend is taking off her clothes. I go up to her, and I am naked too. I hold her, and we run our hands over each others body, and it feels good. We lay down, and begin to make love. We make a tender and passionate love.

We are laying back, and as I look to the side I find that I am gazing through some reeds that are growing next to the water. The reeds, or is it just tall grass growing in the water, wave gently in the wind. We both are in a mellow mood after making love, and we get up, and get dressed. Next I see us from a distance as I put my arm around her, and we start walking back. Once in town we enter a large apartment building, and take an elevator up at least 10 floors, where one of us lives I think.

I use the Ascension Technique, and look down to find that I am wearing ordinary shoes (finally!), and then begin to picture a white house. I feel like an older man with a southern accent, and I picture myself driving a horse drawn carriage to a bank in town. I picture my wife wearing a white formal dress, which she takes off in the bedroom. We make love.

It was such a good concentrated light trance, that I decide to go back to when we first met. I am at a picnic when I meet her, she is 16 and I am 21. She is with her family, and we are sitting at a table having a great conversation. The year 1876?

Vague images. An egg shaped city in the mountains, and a type of dome structure. We are travelling to this city, flying possibly. We are full of excitement as we walk down the corridor, and my friend turns to me as we approach some people. We are in a room having a very lively and learned discussion. I am reminded of Berke-



ley. The room is modern with white shiny surfaces, these are our teachers here, our mentors, and others like us. What is our assignment? Our destiny is to guide the earth. But it's much more complicated than this, in a humorous way. Why us? We were chosen. That's all. The conversation is lively and extended. We find ourselves rising here in an expansive way. The egg shaped dome is an accelerator.

Darkness and celestial navigation.

I see a castle on a hill. My friend Quinsella joins me in a cubby hole hideaway on a warm summer's day. We get undressed, and make love.

"I don't want you to leave," I say.

"We must find a place where we can be together," she says. We make passionate love.

Soon she is flying across the desert, and I must catch up with her.

We have found the prototype. Of what? Mankind. My death? I feel myself lying down. I have gone too far. My friend tosses baby's breath on my chest. I feel cheerful, even in death.

It seems like I'm being drawn into an incredible circle of friends. I'm glad and thankful.

I look down to see sandals on my feet, and the year 100 A.D. comes to mind. Soon the certainty fades, and I see the vivid image of a large cavern with water. Warm, well lit, it seems familiar. Then I can see the faces of many people in the darkness of this cavern gathered around a fire, and it has the dramatic quality that reminds me of a Shakespeare play. Possibly some dramatic speeches, and at this point I give up conscious control, and open my mind to whatever words that seem to want to appear. Question: What is my purpose? To free the minds of men from the limitations of logic. Too many people are making logical errors, such as the recent example of the Mosaic Law. The stoning of a woman for sleeping with a man she has not married. Or present flaws in our own system.

A vivid image of myself in a canoe as an Indian paddling vigorously down a river. A feeling of joy and exhilaration as the canoe rides the waters of the river. The image of a beautiful girl that I can't recognize. We are performing miracles, trying to save people. Also the image of a very tall person in robes with a beard.

An Egyptian lifetime. Images of incredible art work, large faces and designs in gold. Spectacular, a very intense image, very emotional, of a girl I recognize. It's Songbird.

I did try to picture a young couple, and the image of a subdivision appears. An idea brings on the conception. The young couple. Strange to say I can imagine being in the womb, and although somewhat confining, it is not unpleasant. I picture a brave young woman with an unwanted pregnancy. Social pressures.

Birth is a joyous time for me. I am glad to get out, and be alive. My mood becomes a positive note which I hold for awhile, and at this point the thought, I miss my mommy! A very sad, but small voice. This comes through before I picture the next step which is the nine week period between birth and adoption. I try to picture a friend. I can picture myself in the cradle. The arrival of my new parents brings joy, a joy which has continued ever since.

The thought 5 years old occurs, so I review my life until that age. My first memory is playing on the sand hills in front of the house. First grade, and so on. All in all pleasant.

I picture an Indian lifetime where I am wearing tall leather boots that are laced up diagonally. I can picture a skeleton standing up, then sitting down. Possibly underground.

This is followed by an image of Egypt. A pyramid once again. I feel something strange is about to happen. It has something to do with the gods. The name Thoth appears. These images are divided by efforts on my part to count myself up in elevation, and clear my mind from thematic analogies.

Next comes the image of myself walking along through the desert, with long shadows being cast by the setting sun. No. There is a donkey, but I have a horse. This is what I tell myself. I think this might be related to the Christ theme. No. I can picture someone wearing a Spanish style conquistador hat, the metal type that is curved.

I see the image of a masked Aztec or Mayan Indian with a round symbol behind him, like Saturn with its characteristic ring. After the desert image it moves to the cool forest of the jungle, where I see a large stone by a cliff. It reminds me of a cave, or building.

There are several times during these intervals when I feel like a cowboy in the old American west.

In attempting to let certain past life memories be released, I give conscious control to my higher self. A very vivid image of a lion. I am watching this lion in the bright sunlight, and it's possible I am a tall black man holding a spear. This isn't certain. I think of Rome. The lion is very close, and very clear.

The afternoon sun is setting over the bay, and as I look out I can see a bridge in the distance. I relate this to Atlantis, although I am not sure.

I am sitting by a fire on a winter's day, and as I look up to see who I am with, my attention is distracted by noises upstairs.

I first see a building with an Oriental roof. We meet there, and I try to picture her, but she is so beautiful now that I think of her as she is now. I see a colorful tapestry in the building.

Here are the symbols. A bird's foot and a circle.

An old farm with a weathered old shack and buildings. Bright sunlight. She's on the porch with a flowered dress.

"I'm home honey." We embrace in the kitchen. We eat dinner and converse. It reminds me of an old movie, and after dinner we make love.

We're sitting on the front porch in a swinging chair, and there's an old car in the driveway.

An image of a covered wagon. We're standing together on a windswept hill. It's a beautiful day.

An image of the mountains, as if we are travelling through a mountain valley, flying, or in a train. I think of the Himalayas. A feeling of elation.

There's also the ax in Iceland. A guy with a beard who looks like Jim Morrison.

### Sky Diver's Formation

There begins a visual sequence with a bird head, Horus. I've seen this before in Egypt, the god of day with a hawk head. Next an image of many people marching in formation, and also at one point a mob with a large stick, with something hanging from a rope. I can't tell what it is. Also the clear image of a papyrus plant. When I ask my name I come up with something like En Tah Ra. I'm not certain of this, or the year, or the cause.

I am a small child living with my parents. I am intrigued with some sort of head dress that I am wearing. It's made out of white cloth, and I'm wearing it on my head. This is fascinating in the way that the mind of a child will attach such importance to a head dress like this. I think I'm wearing this on my head, and it keeps falling off, or falling apart. This is 1200 B.C.

My parents are large people, and I am very small in comparison. My father is a giant, and I am somewhat scared of him, since he is so large and powerful. My mother is quite nice, although it feels as if there is a certain formality to the relationship. I'm about four years old.

When I'm older my father teaches me how to ride on a cart. Actually this cart is more like a chariot. It's not easy to control the chariot, although I catch on quickly, and move along with pride. All goes well as it should.

When I am older there comes a day when I must leave the home of my parents. This is a great occasion, although I'm not sure where I'm going.

Making love with my friend Calliope is so beautiful. I am laying back on a mat, and she comes to me here. She undresses quickly, and nonchalantly. I truly love her.

I picture a building, somewhat classical, like a Greek temple. I meet Calliope there, and we walk through the giant building. She is very beautiful, and we are good friends. We're by a fire side making love, the fire flickers in the background, and we make some beautiful love. She has long hair.

When the sun rises we leave our tent, and join a large group of people. It's like a caravan. It reminds me of an old historical movie. We ride together on horseback, and there is a large elephant leading the way.

I move to Egypt, where I am sitting on a stone veranda overlooking the Nile river. The kingdom needs help, and there are problems to be solved. The elected officials have arrived. I must settle this.

I picture the battle scene of David and Goliath. I see the scene before me, and how quickly the action occurs. I consider this to be good luck, or skill, to have taken out a giant. I hear the voices of the armies in the background, and I picture Saul after this event. Also Samuel.

I picture a beautiful woman with dark hair wearing a brown dress with short sleeves. I believe she is on horseback, and we converse in a pleasant sort of way.

Before I awake I see a vision of Christ before my eyes. The peculiar thing about it is that this image is lit up in a brilliant white light. The image rises, and I am delighted, since this occurs unexpectedly.

Last night during meditation I picture the image of a baby as it would appear in the embryo. This image seems to approach, and it brings to mind a pregnant woman. Then I feel as if I am in contact with the spirit of her child, so I ask him who he is. Then it occurs to me who it is, I recall the photograph, and I am delighted. What a look of understanding that is revealed in the photograph. What a beautiful child! I welcome him to the world. He seems to understand. A beautiful boy is on the way to join us! Behold the child! For even as I exist here, and think of what will be, I realize that one day she might be sitting next to me.

She puts me into a deep relaxed state, and begins by asking me to go back to a lifetime that is significant in relation to the present. I slowly find myself imagining darkness. It seems to be evening, and I'm out hunting. What are you wearing? I look down, and see some unusual footwear, soft leather wrapped around my feet. And I'm wearing a green shirt and belt. I am surprised to see these things, although the images are faint. I think I'm in France in the year 1310. At this point I'm not sure if this is prehistoric, or more contemporary, such as the chivalrous 14th century.

I seem to be hunting at night, and I come upon a young woman bathing in a lake. She's naked, and comes to the shore where she crouches down around her clothes. The images are faint. We seem to be talking, and it seems we have met before, and that she lives in the next town or kingdom.

We seem to be travelling through the woods at night to her village. We're going to get married. When we

reach the town it's daylight, and we make love. We talk to the king, and are married. Soon there is a daughter, a baby girl. These impressions seem to make sense, although I'm not relating that strongly on a visual level. Some of the replies seem to rise up from the wellsprings of memory with clarity, and at times I wonder if I'm just making these things up.

She asks me to go forward 10 years, and when she says this I feel myself grow older, and my voice becomes deeper. I can see an image of the countryside, and it seems to me I am a farmer. When asked what I farm I can't say. I think of corn or wheat. I say fruit trees. Apples and pears. Suddenly I feel a tear roll down my right eye, and soon I feel very sad as if I am unsuccessfully trying to hold back the tears. When asked what is wrong I say, she left me. How or why I don't know.

She takes me to my death scene, and I see myself in bed surrounded by friends or family. I die and seem to rise above the room, where I can still see these friends. What was the purpose of this lifetime? I laugh, and say to get acquainted. I also say it was a beautiful experience. She laughs, and suggests we try again to see what the significance of this lifetime was.

My friend Mocha, a psychologist, has been on television talking about hypnosis this afternoon. A young woman Chai is with him, and after some interesting conversation I suggest we try some hypnosis. Mocha wants to go to the future, so we all agree to do so, only on an individual basis. He suggests we do a sky divers formation when we leave our bodies, and rise above. When I leave my body I rise alone, and I see Chai's face. We join hands, and say at the same time, Where is he? Let's get him. In a moment his face pops up to join us, then joining hands in a sky divers formation we release, and go on to his or her destination in the future.

Vague image... a child... moving to California. A distant image of a planet, possibly the Earth, as seen through the circular window of a spacecraft. An image of Mocha running, and a teardrop from Chai's eye. A visit to Jesus, great love, and the beginning of a conversation when... Return... Return ... the voice from the tape draws us back. We awake.

My friend Star and I are sitting next to a large fire where we are cooking. We are in a romantic mood as we sit by the fire, and watch the flames rise. I feel that we are young again at this time, younger than we are today, and that we are deeply in love. She is dressed beautifully.

Next when moved to an important event I can see the image of a woman standing in the bright light of the entrance of a cave. She is dressed like an Indian in a long dress made of a soft material, maybe something like buckskin. She is standing as if in prayer, and I stand inside the cave where before me is the talisman with colorful feathers, which flows in the wind. I stand concentrating on the talisman, and feel this is a serious, but beautiful occasion. Something with religious significance.

When asked what my occupation is I immediately picture a long rope. A builder with rope and wood, a builder of buildings and of ships. I can picture the ship in the river as it slowly turns in the water revealing the full dimensionality of its design.

The proudest moment in my life is when my wife gives birth to a son. I can picture myself holding him up to the sky in a gesture of thanksgiving. I am filled with pride.

The greatest honor I receive is when someone puts a necklace over my head. It is some sort of honor, although I'm not sure of the exact significance. I smile modestly.

When brought to the moment of my death I can feel a spear enter my heart, and I fall to the ground in the woods. It happens suddenly and unexpectedly, and before I know it I'm looking down on the scene from above with all my friends gathered around. When asked what the lesson of this lifetime was I have to laugh. Humility, I say. My downfall was the pride of the warrior.

At first there is a beautiful landscape with hills in ancient China, then I picture a building with a tiled roof, with several peaks, a castle I believe. My friend Spring Flower and I are making love. I think we are laughing, and we are very happy.

I see a tall man wearing a robe, who is standing above an object, or someone sitting in a chair which begins to spin slowly. He has his hands on this object, and it's not clear what's going on.

ng on.

Next I see shields. It's an army going to battle, and the soldiers carry long spears.

I see a large city in a valley, the area seems very populated, and it's beautiful.

Then I try to picture my friend Spring Flower. She has long black hair that's in a long braid, and I can see her revolve in full dimensionality. Then there is this image of an incredibly beautiful girl. It's a joy to perceive, and I'm in awe of her beauty. She's got the prettiest face and smile.

To begin I picture a candle flame that is glowing, and sending out giant circles of light which are rising as if underwater, and then touching the surface of the water to disturb the mirror-like tranquility of the surface, and at this moment a diver arises from the depths of the water, and plunges through the area opened up by the candle flame. Incredible!

When brought into the future I see above a light coming in from the sky. It looks like a silver dome, and I find myself sitting in an airport. It's a modern building, and I have stopped walking down the aisle to look out the window at the runways. Is this possible? I notice that some of the people passing by are wearing form fitting clothes.

Immediate feel for the poet. We are making love, a good feeling here.

I project my love, and I see a dark figure seated. She is beautiful and pregnant. She's pregnant, and in the process of a breakup. Then the appearance of a musical note. Why the F note of course!

I call to the spirit of the child.

She is beautiful. The phrase occurs. I see aerial views of pyramid-like buildings, and modern architecture.

Yesterday I felt strong emotions that contained sadness and joy, and after listening to loud music I seemed to amplify my emotional state until it reached a peak of high intensity. I thought I would see if I can control this energy. What an experience! I think I learned more on the nature of the spirit in 20 minutes, than I have in the last 6 months. I tried to express love, and felt a rounding of the emotions from my heart here/there. It seems that while in the body the spirit is obscured by the body itself, and I felt like I was fully alive for the first time in my life. This was living!

I am standing somewhere above the room in an attitude of prayer, waiting for the appearance of my friend Bodhisattva. To my surprise it begins to work, and I feel like I am channeling his thoughts. He immediately asks me how I enjoy the freedom of the spiritual state, and I say it's a wonderful feeling. He asks me where I would like to go, and so we are on our way. I can see that we are in a hallway, and above us are some beautiful arches, which look like Renaissance architecture.

I stand before a large mirror, as large as myself. Soon I can see my future begin to unfold before my eyes. I can also feel it, and my emotions go from the present time of hardship, to a future that suddenly becomes wonderful, once I finally got together with my beautiful friend. So I can understand what it is I would have to undergo, but I can also see that there will come a time that will bring true happiness. It is not far off, I think to myself.

When you travel on the astral plane it's as if time and space have ceased to exist. To travel, which is the sensation that you feel, is instantaneous, much like thought itself. To think of the destination is to arrive.

I am reading deep into the emotional complex which constitutes a person's mind, and translating those thoughts into a language of my own. This is my first attempt at channeling, and I am in awe of the insight and empathy. Of course I should do my best, and trust in God for the best results. The future is in your hands, Bodhisattva says.



## Synchronicity of the Enlightened Circles

An expanse of blue, reddish hue, encompasses the translucent surface, as I focus, a blue that is centered, a wish reflected with the motion, heavenly. A color that is sky blue, of a sea at rest, perfect, alert, and through this light, heavenly proportions. As I walk up to the Pub, a wooden building in the golden glow of the setting sun, like a ship riding the waves on the ocean, I notice that the image of light is reflected in the waters of the river, and the reliability of this sensory impression I might consider in light of the Postmodernist perspective, where the phenomenon of perception becomes filtered through the idea of love. As I turn the pages of a novel I consider the “symbolism of the book,” an object that has many leaves, like a tree, that flutters in the wind, like the wings of a bird, an object that contains wisdom, like the lines of intelligent type, a writing that has fallen into place, signifying the truth, and the wisdom of the heart.

There is Sara Hanson sitting at the next table, and it's with a Renaissance perspective that I look through the window at her, and her group, while the position of the book on the table creates a collage of historical symbolism. The book turning gold, the windows of glass, a bird in flight, added gold. A great expanse of blue, translucent plateau, white light becoming gold, illuminating blue. A canvas that is large, three dimensional, and when blue meets the eye it pleases the soul.

“What can the audience expect tonight?” I ask the singer Sara Hanson.

“A blend of folk and blues, with an emphasis on feminism,” she says as the group introduces themselves.

“We're from New Mexico, and we're touring through California, and then up north,” they say. There are two young men with her, a bass player and a drummer.

Soon they take the stage, and begin to tune up as the mind registers, blue or more, the hue is blue with occasional drifting patches of clouds. There's a trace of red, the saturation is medium, translucent blue. The heavens, and to the blue eyes, the sea, and the blues. I'm considering the electives, as the ignition of a million sparks lights the sky like a meteorite shower. The planets Mercury, Venus and Mars orbit the Earth, and I look up to the upper atmosphere, and see a halo of light around the sun like a photographic reflection through the lens itself. The colors run like a watercolor, and I feel not the least bit perturbed by the events of the recent past, rather it feels like rejuvenation living here in the mountains of Big Sur, where the morning sun gives enlightenment. God has been merciful to his people, the young hero sits at the table awaiting the festivities, and now the color is blue. Rainbow and flower, a hummingbird hovers near the flowers, and the sound is cool. The touch is warm, the taste is rich and supple. The smell is perfume, blue is the sky. The band begins to play acoustic music, while an expanse of blue opens before the beautiful young singer, and then like two eyes smiling the editing of the video becomes a blueness that is shaded, smoky shades of gray, a knowing without knowing. With a smile that embodies the wisdom of a feminist philosophy she sings the lyric, “I heard you got your degree,” as the young hero studies the data with the logic of a university student. Love is the answer. In his study of world religions and philosophy the young hero thought he would get at the heart of the issue, and with a natural affinity for artistic design, he would devote his solitary hours to the study of books, and in a symbolic way he would burn the midnight lamp of his soul.

Writing without conscious control, as André Breton mentions in his book *The Automatic Message* is a subject that fascinates me, because I have written numerous chapters that I consider to be messages coming from a source that is beyond my own conscious control. The random nature of language is what brings the vocabulary to life, a muse reveals the marvelous qualities of reality to the writer, who acts as a medium to transcribe the phrases that appear to the conscious mind. This stream of consciousness is what amazes me as I write stories that predict the future with an oneiric predetermined quality, that I hope will please the mind of the reader years later. The esthetic control that the author may have with the suggested imagery is what I am trying to cultivate. I am trying to tune into the source of inspiration at all times when I write, and there is usually some idea that occurs to the mind, if I don't quickly forget it in the flow of consciousness. The intrinsic quality of the prose is often a question of probability that one must try to get beyond, with a comprehension that is easily suggested by the language itself, to reveal a new meaning for the contents of the unconscious mind. André Breton, Paul Eluard and Philippe Soupault in their book *The Automatic Message* have tried several speeds of writing (slow,



medium and fast) to achieve a pure flow of imagery, and I think their experiments with automatic writing have produced a classic of poetic prose.

A few weeks later I sip on a glass of Merlot at a nightclub called Fuel in San Jose, a small place with wooden tables, and large glass windows that look out on the city, where the Posies have just completed their sound check, and I think that I am beginning to understand the reality of this phenomenon called alternative rock. In the light of the small stage with red curtains, we are here for the appreciation of acoustic music, two young musicians playing some original, creative songs. Outside the tall glass buildings rise upwards, while the planets Jupiter, Neptune and Uranus circle the night sky, and when I step outside for some air I notice the half moon above the tall buildings of glass. This afternoon I have been working on midi configuration, and after studying the manual, and trying several music programs, I realize I need a particular interface to make Digital Performer work. The Posies are in the upper room with a small window looking out on the coffeehouse, while I write a few phrases in my notebook from the novel that appears before you, as the sunlight fades in the San Jose night. I am reminded that ten years ago I had walked into a small nightclub called the Small Planet to see this band perform some up tempo alternative rock music to a jam packed capacity crowd of young concert goers. The image of the group is solarized into a transformation of color, with the darkness of night as a background, and the intense glowing of objects morphed into new colorations that appeal to the mind's inner eye. The galaxy swirls above in a soft focus of precision as I feel the caress of the wind on my back, I cradle the glass of merlot in my arms like the ancient grail, and I think I would embrace this new concept of future love.

The rock and roll audience is enjoying the acoustic set of songs, and the harmony vocals make this an outstanding listening experience, with some very fine melodic writing and sentiments that proclaim the destiny of Ken Stringfellow and Jon Auer to become preeminent exponents of the song writing art. I take a photograph as they begin the song *You Avoid Parties* which sets the mood for an introspective and philosophical form of fiction, that tells it like it is, as we consider our own self guilt at not having produced a more worthy development to this plot we call life. Perhaps it's a question of realizing those fantasies that could have happened in reality, this tale of the idealism of youth, and the near compatibilities of a more mature rock audience. The mythological singers harmonize through the night as candles flicker on the tables of the nightclub, while I write this novel in my notebook, a narrative that describes some women sitting at the bar, a beautiful woman with a tank top t shirt, an artist's book about the audience members that are shining stars themselves, a visionary book that perceives the craft that will rise above the planet Mars in the near future, carrying a precious cargo of scientific rock samples. I notice the flare of the rockets as the psychic energy is communicated on the instant, with an amazing interpretation following my meditative musings. Having contemplated the woman's expression at hearing a particular song, "just you and I together" she says, and makes a cool motion while looking at her breasts, and I accept at this moment. The conditions are such that the information flows through my consciousness, and I would disseminate this concept as the inspiration is upon us.

Love is the answer! The attraction is there, and as the night progresses the Posies begin the song called *Suddenly Mary* while I reach for my camera, and hope for an opportune moment to snap a photograph. This is a song of devotion, and brings a sentimental glow on the chorus which is so wonderful, and good for the heart. I appreciate your every move as you dance across the mountain tops, and you turn me on as I transcend towards the illumination above, the ellipse of the mountain peaks becomes the digital squares of a computer rendering intense colors in photographic clarity. I sit in the sunlight with my swim trunks on, and feel the sunlight on my skin, the brightness of the light bringing the worship of nature to mind, as I admire your photograph in the cool filtering of color on the screen. Appreciation of acoustic music is our theme, and I admire the fretwork as we meditate somewhere in space and time. I feel your presence as we rise above the mountains, we feel love with the comprehension that time is now. The intellect feels a moment of cerebral clarity, as the psyche feels the satisfaction of matching our egotism in a flattering way. The id matches its individuality with your persona, producing the perfect self. The soul is at one with the spirit, and we are in an exalted mood.

I believe that the sentimental mood has brought out your talent and brilliance before the genius of acoustic music has recited its lyrical poetry. The heart is with the hubba bubba of daring, that brings out the young hero who is finding the affinity between the core and essence of his spirit. He imports the image of the nucleus,

which feels the excitations of your erotic nature, as your personality reveals a sense of humor, that is at the heart of your identity. Having just driven to Los Angeles where I am looking for a literary agent, I am having a glass of wine at a restaurant on Sunset Boulevard, a city of opportunity for many. There's a suspicion that healthcare has not met the criterion for quality assurance, and the truth of this hypothesis is evident in the interpretation given to the data. The distortion of the image gives us a sense that something should be improved here, and that the law should be upheld. The truth is that the metaphysical theoretician should decipher the correct interpretation of the word, and the premise that the soul is to be held sacred. It is with a priori reasoning that I deduce the logical conclusion, as we feel the profound significance of the sun setting over the boulevard. I can hear it in the clarity of voice, and the impasse should be illustrated as a symbol of reconciliation.

I am reading the Surrealist classic called *Hebdomeros* by Giorgio Di Chirico, and perceive the similarity in style with those writers who use metaphor to produce a meaning that is not "opposite" from that intended, but to create abstractions that please the mind of the reader, and give a general sense of well being to those who admire a poetic prose. Just as I might appreciate the paintings of Salvador Dali, or René Magritte, the imagery suggested by *Hebdomeros* is based on a poetics of the surreal. As I sit on a park bench on Pacific Avenue in Santa Cruz, the words of the novel intrigue my mind, and the concatenation of the street gives way to memory. Later I walk up to a street musician who is playing the guitar, and he stops and asks, "How many Surrealists does it take to screw in a light bulb?"

"An infinite number of course," I say, as he begins playing the tune *All Along the Watchtower*. We are both singing this tune, and amazingly enough I can remember the lyrics as we sing them. This must be an example of synchronicity as described by the psychologist Carl Jung, where things seem to be synchronized in reality, and it feels like magic as the events unfold.

### Recent Astral Voyages

One evening when I go through body relaxation, I feel the boundaries of my body disappear, and feel like I am floating in space, although the space is unlike normal space, since there doesn't seem to be much of an up, or down feeling to it. I feel myself rise, and stand up, and it feels good. I feel like I am in a warm and pleasant environment, and that I am suddenly free. Rather than go anywhere in particular, I decide to rise above the floor, which has a very liberating sensation to it, and then I picture my body filling with brilliant lights, which are sweeping through my soul in a kind of celebration. It is a beautiful experience, and I immediately thank my friends. The lights continue to run through my body, and I enjoy this for awhile.

That same evening I decide to do some travel, and have one of the most pleasant and elevated trips that I can recall. At one point in my travelling the words occur to me: upper astral.

The next evening after the astral voyage I decide to go back to a past life. Suddenly I feel myself in a tropical environment with large green trees in a dense woods. I walk along next to a river feeling ecstatic, and I look up to the hill tops to try to determine where I am. I'm not sure, but it sure is beautiful. I picture myself wearing sandals, and a smock made out of cloth.

At first I see her, my friend Honey, and she has very fair skin. I think she is beautiful. This vision passes, and then I picture a tall structure with a glowing light on top. I'm not sure what this is, although I think it might have religious significance.

I also have a vision of her.

Last night I happened to look out the window, and there is a brilliant glowing star in the sky on the western horizon. It is an impressive sight, and it seems to have a prophetic significance. And here is Arcturus glimmering like a diamond on the horizon.

Another vision of paradise. So our friendship goes way back. At first I find myself next to a river moving in a

southeasterly direction. Once again I am wearing sandals, and a cloth jacket without sleeves. Next I picture this incredibly tall structure in the forest, with a pointed top, and a light on it. Again I see us standing next to the structure in a bright white light, and I'm not sure what we are discussing. I ask myself what is the significance of this structure. I think it is a temple of the Lord.

Next I am in a tent, or a kind of hut, and my friend Mona comes in, and lays down with me. She is beautiful, and we make love. I feel that we are young.

Next the scene dissolves, and I am by a brook. This is an incredibly beautiful vision, which really does feel like paradise, similar to Hawaii, I would say. I am laying back with Mona, and we are looking at the brook. We are deeply in love, lush tropics, and real warmth in the air.

Next I see myself on a boat coming in off the ocean. This is a large boat like a raft, and it is loaded down with cargo. There are other men on the boat, and I feel very young and strong at this time. We land at a village on the river, and there are some buildings like thatched huts. Once at the village I speak to several people, and I am happy.

### Still Life with Frills & Ecstasies

Squares of color still on a table shaped all around, lines running straight into the imaginary light of dusk. Drawing sense and curves from a coloring wheel, with the golden glow of the Pacific Ocean in the background. Tired angles as a kitchen window grows ... *sphere noise* ... sound of a whirl with colors, and shapes all around. Slice of a sphere and angles, lines in still motion, chroma lights of dusk with the carving of apples ... *clicking clicking on wood* ... through a kitchen window. Time will tell the plums and peaches as aromas drawn forth with the sigh of dusk, and the glass of an ocean with blender slicking and blending. Color whirls of peaches and plums as tired angels work, bent and fading, near the apples and oranges with the clearness of an ocean, and curves shaping all around the ragged splotches of the smidgen windows. Pears and stable lines churn as the sweet scent of the blending shapes and shades ... *errr errr of a blender* ... origin of sigh and windows. Still a chorus burps ... *sip surp* ... near the angels. Lines of plums a spherical dusk of imaginary sight with apples chaste to the twang of paste. Flavors all around as oranges scitter, and bites of red bursts of peels, as the blender bid it works!

A mighty whirl of flavor as the bell in the rigid splotches ... *peach please!* All is still clicking as one would like a mixture ... *sip* ... so good! Hopples are first planks to a blender, with the flavor of apple and pleasant oranges, with a frappe or two under the stars. Out in about, and goodness grapes! Placing by place a sip from heaven! And in the dusk we have straight lines. Wind on the oranges replaced by blackberries as mountains arise, with the pure sight of dusk, as a homely dog barks near the curves and tired angels in the spheres and sweet scents of apples ... *cricket* ... *sip* ... all is still. Blending mountains with the sounds of sorts, as mountains arise with the wood of smoke nearby, as the clouds of the surreal where birds ring long. Tall lines ... *sip* ... soft in a bed of margins, with windows hoot the tender sphere of lines running up, as aromas draw forth. Still motion with the sounds of love, oranges and doubles with a twinge of taste, sigh of mountain hue. Rigid splotches ... *juice* ... bursts of pieces and crooked padding in the kitchen in the stillness. Like two glasses of apple flavor of straight curves tired angels ... *cherry* ... from a coloring wheel. Sphere above ... *sipping* ... a patch of cherry juice, whirls of love in the still of the heights. Time will tall with the pace of heaven, with age ... *vine* ... in the courts of vine. Tables to tell of fermentation, and colored patches as shapes of round, a kind of wind goes. After worlds ... *caw caw* ... a chorus burps ... peach please ... and chroma sighs. Feels apple of a bapple, purple prune juice in two glasses. Slices of apples, some are margined, some are blended, as we bid drawing sense far from the mountains. Triangles of rigid splotches ... *sip* ... clicking of wood shaped all in round. Think looks like think markings all across the pay, dark as darkest dun for the ice, digging in mines with sighs about face, and the lie of the limp. Aroma of first sink in the verging forests, as characters covered by gloss, a foot for a fingertips, open and quiver, looming towards the ocean. Scrawling fugitives in the crossings, and blinking at the markings. Hoofing without the mine, with a trace as dogs bark with sink. With ice for sight tracking through the forest, large white space opening.

Ice on the lamp of unbreakable glass, as the crawling figures of characters on the darkened number of plates. Rearing a foot lamp with a trace of a face wondering what to do. Of course a pay ... *wander* ... hoofing about through the looking glass over in the corner. Exploring the virgin frost caught in the quicksand of tropical greens ore turning mountains. What a sight as the fingertip scrawls, a cracked chair squeaks with a face in a nook. Waterfall through the breeze tracing the vines athundering with the thunderous sound of aluminum. With sighs ... *a sight* ... wandering speckles of glass, shimmer of pouring water, unbreakable ice all over the plaid ... *wonderfull waterfall* ... making markings. A chair squeaks facing a loom of a lake with the tropical greens quivering. Looks like think, tracing a fingertip in the space of the frost, a part of a voice in the lamplight, in the tropics a pair odd. Wavering waterfall out in the open, mountain peaks watching the quicksand ... *awk awk* ... scent of glass, and curving of a water. Press thinks like look markings ... *thundering thunder* ... a prism of color. Pressing with aluminum on top of the paste. Virgin forests squirreling, and a purpling press, a foot on the fingertips quavering smooth as shiney glass.

Characters press the tropics ... *look a lake* ... bright as light, as the firefly traces a mine of fire. Large white place with ice on a lamp, with the sound of chirping fireflies crossing through the screen. Face on hands printing as ink ... *glossy glow* ... there by the lake dark as daring night. Wander in and out of the cracked tiers sighing with flight, flying across the vine brook. Knots in a purpling press close to a brook ... *dampening darkness* ... a frost of barking dogs in the deep mine. Ice growing tired as you take the last sip of the frappe with flies buzzing the floor ... *hoot* ... cool waters of the brook ... *hoot hoot* ... of old. Aroma of fresh ink all across the day as characters are going home through the dark green of the virgin frost. Turning off the ice dim mine dark sights of the brook ... *no trace markings* ... fugitives. Quiver of footprints with an aura of fine color ... hoofing out of sight, the dark plates of the tropical greens. Looks like think markings looming away from the lake.

Gone are the mountains, and the fields of the tan west. The lure of hay and gold, with blithe rays of earth scents, as plows through the honeysuckle. Chills of worth ... *sigh* ... miles of orange lies of husks and misses, with eyes of bright heart won throbbing. Frills and ecstasies with pale tender physical presence ... *whisps* ... let's lean back. Courts of clay look at the stars, and the sounds of the night. Next week grace ... *essence of grace* ... styles grown set with a whimsical presence in the silent fragrance. What of this space, tender yearning inner circle in a state of grace? Beatitude and teas, angels step through clouds, more than a hair of playfullness abound. Dresses pull in a tangle, and tease the sense, as fuses run shorter. O this heart smiles, thrills and chills.

Rounded warm breath, wait for then ... *hugs*, and a taste of heaven. Cozy in bed, and drop of glistening dew, with bedspring laughter you walk right through a sunny window. To move a hand with this lazy kissing, peace in the rustling silence, falling from the leaves. Curtains flap as the new light falls off ... *the little souls chirping* ... ring, and the golden ways of the ocean air. Drop back on the pillow with your hair caught in the air ... white as skin. Little flickers, and fly patterns off the tin rafters, with a rich smell in the air ... *shush* ... a burst of ringing laughter, and boyniance. White in softness, soothing flow ... *clanks and clatters* ... deep breaths, more air. Refrigerator door, and a sort of paint on the wall, with the weight of light thin gold. Wind full of sun ... *fluff* ... laughing a bit as water, and soft reflections from eyes bright and round ... *ha* ... fallen upwards to the sky. Springing boyniance as the cloth sweeps across ... the tender kiss, and the expression, footprints quiet with the sweeping of wishes. Metal and glass, and layers found in the midst as the coffee gurgles. Light with the softness of cotton, paperish rustle, rolling glass with walls. Speck of a dot, chords after the rain in the peacefulness. Perked up lad and lass lifting an eyelid, smooth sound in the lazy afternoon, slow whispers. Cups and cream, crazy laughs as curtains flash, and space to move. Water even, and clouds.

Feels like the scent of the open fields, with a waft of wind, thistles and brushweed. Birdsongs and blue jays, brush strokes of evergreens. Maple syrup and oaks on the horizon, crickets purples and tiger lillies as leaves rustle. Cars in the distance with fields of waving tall grass, barking of dogs, and the scent of reality. Pollen because as dogs ring clear in the chlory greens, and the cars exhaust is blue. Doppler of the cars, and quiet purples ore the field. Sweet sound of the flowers, as thistles bob on the horizon, barking across the trees in the tall grass ... *shush*. Whirrs like a doppler, rhythm of sound, and words of the wind. On the grass sugary kisses across the field, evergreens for cold as shadows through the rustle. In like maple syrup, and the mighty oak, words of love.



Blue sigh of light, purples in motion as the bees hover in the waving field of grass. Away from the cars the call of words free ... feels and kisses ... and the shades of all colors. Clothes of the lovers ... listen ... as the son... the cricket chirps ... turn of the past. Two blue jays scale the horizon of length, and the not too big purples. Bits of pollen reach the sky, chlora greens and the silence of words. The field is a set.

Patchwork of shadows, and the scent of multicolor, deer like small people. Rhythm of the saw, tigerlillies orange flowers, and the red of lamp. Brushweed is a fury, like the feel of blue, out white ... *knot* ... the dots on a lease. Hickory silence as sound little words as cars muffle the purples on the red of a black horizon. Fields until the spring frogs chirp in the shadows of reality. Clean soppy suds of froth post for tooth ... splurshes of bright water. Boldly in the moist air breeze pouring downfall, and clean like glass, like the surf of sound. Tropics naked downy dew ... *violet orange* ... gurgling rays of droplets, pointlettes.

Surf of pounding smooth taste, clean and frothy sops of suds. Sweetness and sense as the tropical birdsong ... surfing the air of dewy down, glasslucent and pure. All naked air glistens, the hearth with hot water, and the air ... *shiver* ... quivering points. Curvature sweet bouyant in the cascade of linking drops, and the sheen of jingling glass. Scrubbing on a tooth, the slurping suds, and water wavering in motion ... *silky* ... boldly grimace shimmering of bright ... shivering shower in the pouring poundfall, as pointed broken bubbles burst in a blur. Shattered crystal ... blinking blur of the glassy water, and splotches of color hover in sight, as opaque droplets, rhythmic and boldly shower.

Prismic flakes of ice darken, pondering the slurp, with a crimson blush in the summer air. Sharp sloshing and slick grouping in the flagrant aroma, as two shine in the leaping tropics ... *clean aye* ... naked as water sudsing ere the downy dew, as silken down of the curvature moist ... *listen*. Sweet sense and warm whirls of scrub, as wind if glasseye clean, pert cream in the brightness of summer. Naked too would be the woods, breasts cloth, and sometimes burst as a burstle, sweeping clean as a bristle ... *thump* ... boldly burnish, and with vigor clapping across the moist air round. Dry all tiny droplets, silly as a tropical pourest, watchless whirling pool of suds. Post of a tooth, and the sound of cream ... *spurt* ... shave now for the blade make to scrape this surface frothy foam of ropelettes sealing. Frog on a mirror, and clean as a whisker, roaming the waters sinking down in the shallow ... *here it goes* ... shaving with a blade. Hot water more cloth, winking face ... *dogs barking* ... mirror wiping frogs off a mirror. Turn of a birdsong shaving grimace with purples in a gleam of blue sigh of light. Bits of cloth, and a clean glass with motions of readiness, ore hear and there, words to a mirror. Who scowl the mirror full of words, whirling suds, and to be once, and the droplets.

### The History of Fauna & Fern

Congratulations on your appearance in my novel! I see a beautiful progression towards a blissful artistic future of bass and drum, where all the animals gather to love one another, and thereby are awarded the red badger of courage, much like the falcon, buffalo or the wild eyed hippopotamus. These things occur where the totem pole is set, and the sky changes colors as one thinks upon it, each species having its own specialty, all gathering in harmonious cacophony, each to its own desert.

Thus the history of fauna and fern is unwaffled. Either pancakes or a fine fish filet, cooked on the flames of the fire, while the juices flow upon the universe like a river of starry seasonings. Still a book like yours is a portentous and premonitionary blessing upon all man and womankind! I loved it, I liked it and I'll take my time praying upon it! Hoping that this masterful chef will find that all is well in this our heaven of verse artforms and tantalizing delights.

I enjoy this sort of book, and would recommend it to the connoisseur, particularly the earwig, a very fine bottle! Having read these stories I have achieved nirvana, so that each waking moment of my day is of an imperceptible bliss, this lovingness of language of our times! Such beautiful peregrinations and elations is how I think upon these fine fictional forms! So I hope that all is well, and that all will be well, and that you continue to write so well!

## Beautiful Friend

As the novel reaches its conclusion on this note, I would like to dedicate it to those who helped make it happen. It is for you that it was written, the ideal reader of novels, an individual who might also aspire to be a novelist, and as you might look through into this room here at the guest house, you will see that I type this out for you, just to show that I care. It is for the ideal reader that this book is written, so that you will have a chance to participate yourself in the creation of its destiny, from inspiration, to idea, to the completed novel. This book exists in the future in the sense that upon its completion, perhaps someone will idly turn the pages in the hope of finding something meaningful, or to suggest to the mind some idea of a novelistic scene, or just for a sense of poetic language. I write this novel for you, so that you can join in whenever you might like to make an appearance, so that you can help determine the course of events, and to create your own future in the process.

Amazingly the characters of this novel have found themselves placed together as if by chance, or with a sense of destiny even more profound, so that the events become the poetry of a potential reality, or of an action which transcends its sense of reality as a work of art. It is for you that this canvas is filled in with the images of the imagination, the sound of your voice reading these lines gives this novel a meaning closer to the truth of the heart, the sound of the soul revealing its subtle nuances of self reflection, and its references to those you might love. This is the happy ending you might like to create for yourself, and those who exist as fictional personas themselves, the story of your life can be written here in the spaces between the lines, the photographic images become like those of the imagination. It's for you that I write this novel so that we can perceive on a telepathic level those thoughts and emotions which become the reality of our conscious existence, so that you can design your future exactly the way you would like it, so that you can become your true self.

Is it love that you are looking for? A sense of realization that the people you are with are perfect for you? That you are well matched in seeing the reflection of your self in others, the ego becoming complementary to the psyche of your friends? It is for you beautiful friend that I write this novel, so that you might find love in the reality of a fictional possibility, a sense that you can fulfill your dreams by allowing yourself to imagine your eventual success as a potential novelist yourself, or a character from your dreams. A gypsy living a free and easy lifestyle, or a reader of books that become your education, it is for you that I help create this possibility as you might wish it to be, a life as you might imagine. It is with love that this novel is written so that you might find something to satisfy your mind, to pass a few moments in a thoughtful meditation on what could be, to find the perfect character to flatter your conscious existence, and to realize the desires of the unconscious mind. I write this for you beautiful friend, to suggest some poetic glimmering of what might sparkle the eye, to create a future that you might like for your self, as a reader of novels, as a participant in the life of the soul. As a lover of who you might like to discover in the reality of this fictional scene, a novel written to create the poetic sense of a collage in the Postmodern sense. The space of the imagination filled in with the necessary color and formal characteristics of the young hero, and the beautiful young woman at his side, who plays a dramatic role in the creation of their own destiny, in the formation of this novelistic prose, in the realization of a dream come true.

Beautiful friend it is for you and your lover that this is written, so that you can relax in bed with this book in the evening light, the mind set free to drift across the pages in the clear light of your intelligence, the logos of the word whispered in your mind's perfect bliss, your heart beating in synchronicity with your dream lover. After a relaxing night in a hot tub under the glittering starlight, the subtle scent of sulfur from the hot springs rising in the evening air, the breeze from the ocean shore enlivening the skin's dripping moisture, bringing life to the inner eye of the perceiver, a dream that might come true. The masculine shoulders of the young hero in the soft light of the hot tub within the rising mists of illumination, the well formed breasts of the young woman at his side, her long hair flowing in waves across the relaxing moments of heavenly forgetfulness. As you sip the cool water in the inner sanctum of your mind's paradise, I perceive the marvels and wondrous delights of this novelistic scene, the conversation of the young hero and the beautiful young woman is spoken from within, the mind feeling centered inside the soul, the personality introverted for a moment of intimacy. Beautiful friend it is for you and your lover that this is written, to feel the relaxation of the swirling waters, the love of life.

As you might lay back in bed with this book, the soft light of the lamp in the photographic clarity of your



visual perception, you might feel that it is time to make love, a warm and passionate love. Reading a novel is a pleasant way to tune into an intelligent source of cerebral excellence, yet there is nothing like reality itself to let your dreams come true, you and your lover making love in the candlelight. As you put this novel aside it is time for your narrator to depart, and for you to create your own happy ending, the pleasure of having finished this novel is with you. Good night beautiful friend!